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St. Matthew 28.5—Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

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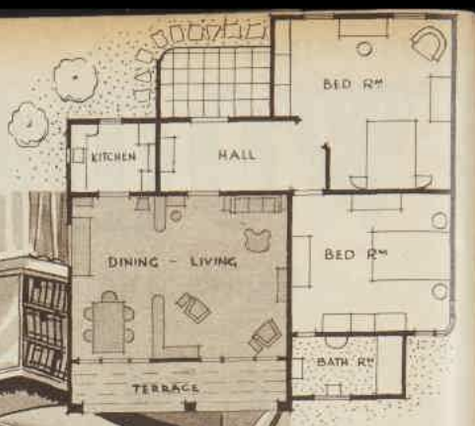

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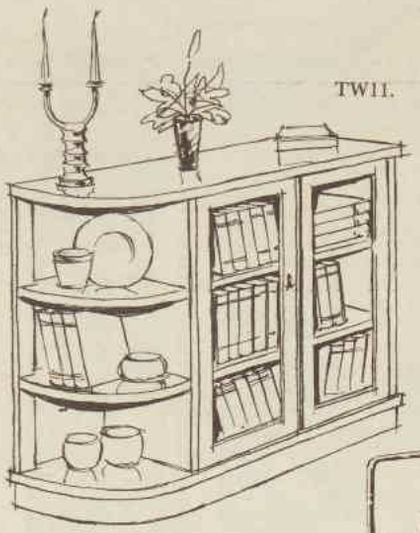

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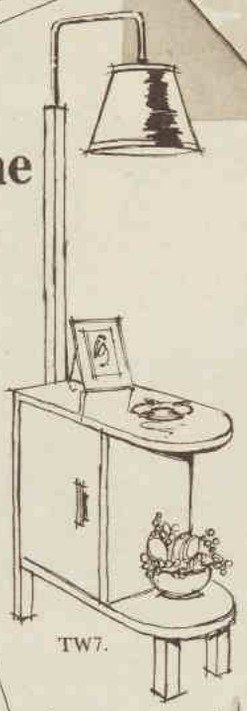

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Holiday for Mother

"You're holding up the queen, make way there," father yelled at the shunting trains.

By VAL TEAL

WE were just sitting down to dinner, when mother got that faraway, dreamy look in her eyes that we know so well.

"I suppose," she said, "that you've been wondering and wondering what to give me for my birthday."

"Huh?" father said. He poured Tommy a glass of milk. "Yes, of course I have. Uh—let's see—your birthday is——"

"Wednesday," mother said, very sweet.

"Day after to-morrow!" father said.

"No," mother said. "Last Wednesday."

Father's mouth dropped open and he stopped filling plates. "How in the world?" he said. "Oh, that's terrible," he said. He looked at us. "How in the world did we ever do such a thing?" he said. "That's the first time that ever happened."

"Yes," mother said, "because it's the first time I failed to remind you."

"Well, my goodness," father said, "we'll have to do something special to make up for that."

"That's what I was thinking," mother said. "Would you like a suggestion?"

"Certainly," father said. "What?"

"A trip," mother said.

"A trip?" father said. "You mean abroad?"

"No," mother said. "I mean a possible one. Even just a little one."

"It shall be done," father said. "It certainly shall be done. How about to the country to see Aunt Anna? How'd that be?"

"Fine," mother said. "When?"

"Your mother," father said to me, handing me my plate, "is not one to let things drift. Did I ever tell you about our long engagement? It was Wednesday and the first time I had mentioned it and I said, 'Look, darling, I bought you an engagement ring. When can we get married?' and she said, 'How about Saturday?' so on Sunday, there I was, a married man . . . Any more scones?" he said.

Mother laughed and got some more scones. "You know the cat that cocks her head and watches the mouse before she grabs, sometimes lets it squirm away," she said.

Father said, "I do not like your metaphors. I don't know what your friends may call you, but no one has ever called me mouse and got away with it. But I do like your scones," he said. "Pass the jam, Paul. It's for everyone."

"When?" mother said.

"Woman," father said, "besides your scones and your incoherence and your talking in riddles and your beating about the bush, I like your directness."

"How about an answer?" mother said. "When?"

"Well, over the week-end, maybe," father said. "And this will be mother's trip," he said, turning to us. "Remember, no lunches packed, no quarrelling, no misbehaving. Mother will be the queen, and we will be her slaves."

"You're sure," mother said, "that we can make it in that car?"

Lightning came out of father's eyes and he said, "That car is better than anything on the road to-day. Some people, it is true," he said, "just run a car till it drops apart, but after I run a car for eight years I have something. By that time there is not a nut or a screw or a bolt in it that I do not know personally and that is not the better for having made my acquaintance. That motor hums like a—"

"A lawn mower, I think," mother said.

And father said, "There is a little looseness in the body that reminds you of a lawn mower. The motor is highly superior to anything coming on the market to-day."

On Saturday father woke me early.

"This is the day," he whispered. "Dress quietly and quickly. Breakfast is ready. You, too, Paul."

"Where's Tommy?" I asked.

"He's already eating his breakfast," father said. "Jean, too. You know how slow they are, so I got them started. Now, let's co-operate on this and show mother we're sorry we forgot."

When we got downstairs, our breakfast was ready. "Sit down," father said, "and I'll call mother." She was still asleep.

"Coffee's poured!" father called up the stairs. "Put on your dressing-gown and come and eat."

Mother came down with her blue dressing-gown on and we all said, "Good morning to the queen," like father had told us to, and she laughed and got pink and said, "My goodness, what wonderful people!"

"Now, everything's ready," father said. "The children have on the clothes you said, and the bags are in the car. As usual, I think you're taking too much, but the queen must take her robes, I guess."

"My robe is on my back," mother said.

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Holiday for Mother

Continued from page 3

APOLOGETICALLY mother added; "The children's clothes are in the bags. I want them to make a good impression, and they still get dirty in spite of their royal birth. Vassal," she said—and she laughed that wonderful laugh that comes out of her throat—"you make wonderful coffee."

"I was taught," father said, "by the queen herself. Drink it up, your majesty," he said, "and get yourself robed while I do the dishes."

We all helped and were in the car when mother came out. We took Jean in the back with us.

"Now remember, no noise," father said. "No quarrelling. Mother is the queen. We do her bidding. This is going to be the best trip she's ever had."

I took the pillow we had brought along for Jean and put it behind mother, and she put her head back and sighed.

"I suppose I'm the luckiest woman in the world," she said, "with a family like this."

The sun was shining and a little breeze blowing. As we passed, men were working in the paddocks, and in the towns crowds of people were doing their shopping.

"Look at that wonderful place for a picnic," I said. There was a wonderful place for a picnic around almost every corner.

"We really should have brought a lunch," mother said.

"Nonsense," father said. "That's just a lot of work for you. We'll be there by lunchtime, but if your majesty gets hungry we'll buy food—the best to be had."

"Well, don't drive too fast," mother said. "You can't be too careful in this old car."

"Just as you say," father said. "But no royal chariot was ever in better condition."

But in a minute steam started coming out of the radiator.

"Something's wrong!" mother said. "I was afraid something would break!"

"Nothing's broken," father said.

"It's exploding!" mother said. "Isn't it?"

"I wanna stop!" Paul said.

"Les not go on a crip," Tommy said. "Les go home."

It certainly looked as if it might explode, and it was making an exploding noise.

"Please stop," mother said. "I'm afraid it'll blow up."

"There is absolutely no danger," father said. "You're scaring the children. I have to keep going till we come to a town."

We came to a garage pretty soon. It was almost a town, because it had a post office. Father drove in.

"It's a simple matter," he said. "The radiator needs flushing. These things happen when you don't travel enough or fast enough."

They started to fix the car, and we all got out.

"Now," father said, "let's get this organised."

There was a bench over at the back of the post office with grass in front of it and flowers growing at the edges of the grass, and then there was a paddock after that and some cows in it. Father took mother over to the bench and said, "Now just sit there and enjoy the peace and quiet. The children will walk around."

"Thank you. Thank you very much," mother said. "It's beautiful."

"This'll take a little while, I suppose," father said. "Shall I buy you a magazine or something?"

"No," mother said, laughing. "The queen will just rest from her labors. You're sure they won't try to go on the main road?"

"I won't let go of Jean's hand," I said.

"Positively not," father said. "I'll be around there, too."

We walked around by the house where a woman was hoeing and the cars were whizzing by at about 60 on the main road, so we decided to take down the numbers.

We sat down by the edge, and I wrote them down; and Paul helped get all the numbers because they went so fast it was hard; and Tommy helped, too, about the colors, and every time a car went by, Jean's hair would blow and she'd just squeal, she thought it was so much fun.

So pretty soon mother came around from behind the post office and we heard her scream.

She came running just as one of those great big transport trucks came by, so we missed the number. Father came running and he caught hold of mother, or I guess she might have fallen down. She leaned against him, very white, and we were all there wondering what was the matter and father said, "What in the world happened?"

So mother straightened up and took a big breath, and then she started to cry. "They were sitting right on the road," she said.

"Oh," father said, out of patience. "They were not. I was watching."

We took mother over and showed her the mark where we had dug our feet in, and it was anyway four inches away from the road, but she made us all go with her for a walk till the car got fixed.

We walked up the little side lane and it was quiet and country and nice, except there were thistles, and mother got a ladder in her stocking, and Jean got scratches on her legs. When we got back, the car was ready and we started again.

"We'll never make it by lunchtime now," mother said.

"Well, I have money to buy lunch," father said. "And the queen shall have the best. I'm sorry about it, but it's just one of those things. You'd never find it out driving around town. It's a simple matter. They just put this stuff in the radiator to flush it out. It gets clogged with rust."

> ***" . . . when I look at history, I see it as man's attempt to solve the practical problem of living. The men who did most to solve it were not those who thought about it, or talked about it, or impressed their contemporaries, but those who silently and efficiently got on with their work."***
>
> **—J. B. S. Haldane**

"What's it doing that for?" mother said. It had started steaming again.

Father didn't say a word.

"I'd go right back and get my money back," mother said. "That's robbery. They didn't fix it at all."

"Well, I wouldn't," father said. "They'd just fix it again. I'll get someone who knows his business."

"I'm hungry," Paul said.

"I'm hungry, too," Tommy said.

"Didn't you bring any biscuits or anything in all that luggage?" father said.

"No," mother said. "You said we'd be there by lunchtime. A queen does not carry biscuits in her bags. Personally," mother said, "I think we should give it up. Let's head for home while we can still get there."

"Now, let's not be so easily discouraged," father said. "I promised you this trip and you're going to get it. This is a big town ahead. We'll be fixed up in no time and we'll make it in time for dinner. Aunt Anna'll have chicken, most likely. Look, there's a garage, right in our path."

The garage was on the other side of the railway-line in this town, but just then the gates closed, so we couldn't pass.

We waited and waited while they kept running a train back and forth.

"That's men for you," mother said. "With all the morning to run their engines back and forth, they do it now, just when they see us coming."

"Hey!" father yelled at the train. "You're holding up the queen. Get going there," but it seemed like a long time we had to wait, because the car kept steaming, and I was hungry. But at last the gates opened and we went across.

"All I can see that they accomplished was to test the engine," mother said. "They just went back and forth and back and forth. I don't mind waiting for a train that's going somewhere."

"They moved in on to another line," father said. "I'll tell you what you do. You take the children and get somching to eat while I stay with the car."

Father asked the garageman where was a good place to eat, and he showed us where to go—second turn to the right, one to the left and around the corner—and it was Fred and Milly's. We ran ahead and sat upon stools, but when mother got there she opened the door and motioned us to come on out. She didn't like the look of the place.

"Aren't we gonna eat?" Paul said. "I'm terribly hungry," and mother said, "Of course we are, but I'll find us a decent place first."

So we walked around and we came to this coffee shop, and it had white tablecloths on, and we all sat at a table.

They didn't have menus. The waitress just told us what they had—chicken or roast beef or ham. Mother kept saying, "I wonder how much this is going to cost. I like to know the prices of things before I order."

"Whyn't you ask?" I said, but she said she'd find out soon enough. So when the bill came she was still eating her apple pie, and she looked at it and said, "Good grief, I haven't that much money in my purse. You run over and tell father. Tell him to come over as soon as he can. I'll linger over my pie and coffee till he gets here."

I ran. On the way over, there was this place where they were going to build a building and they were digging out the basement. It's like a great big mouth coming down on a long neck like a dinosaur, only a bigger head, and it just takes a great big mouthful of dirt and turns around and spits it out; and there's a man up on the animal's back, driving it.

Father was not at the garage. They said, "Your dad is out in the car trying it," so I went back and watched them do the basement.

After a while Paul came by.

"Hey, mother's wild," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"She had to eat another piece of pie and drink some more coffee so they wouldn't know she couldn't pay the bill," he said. "Whyn't you bring father?"

"He's out testing out the car," I said. "You go on and see if he got back. I did it once. You can come back and watch after."

So Paul went. He didn't come back, so I thought father must have taken him along to the restaurant.

They do dig fast with those things. But then I thought maybe I'd better be going because they might be waiting for me, so I went on to the garage.

When I got round the corner, I could see father. He was walking up and down in front of the garage and then stopping and looking, and then he saw me and he came across the street.

"What's up?" he said. "Where's mother?"

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The YACHT CLUB MURDER

By . . . William McHarg

O'MALLEY wasn't happy. "They've got no business putting me on this kind of case," he said, "because I don't know this kind of people. They're yachtsmen."

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"A dead guy was found floating in the East River," O'Malley explained. "They've identified him. His name was Gailor. He and a chap named Kiley had had trouble at the yacht club some time last Saturday. Gailor disappeared that evening. Now it proves he'd been murdered and cops are looking for Kiley."

"Is there any evidence against Kiley?" I asked.

"He had motive and opportunity. The trouble Saturday was Gailor's yacht pretty near run Kiley over in a small boat he was rowing.

"That isn't the real trouble. The real trouble, people say, is Kiley is in love with a girl named Miss Burden. Kiley was away, and while he was gone Miss Burden got engaged to Gailor. When Kiley come back he objected to the engagement. Now they figure he's put an end to it."

Because I was an old friend of O'Malley, and an ambitious writer of detective stories, he let me follow the case with him.

The man who had identified Gailor was at headquarters. His name was Burden. He was the father of the girl the dead man had been engaged to. He was a fine-looking man who seemed to be a society sportsman.

His daughter was with him. She was brown-haired and pretty and her age was nineteen. She looked anxious and frightened.

"How was it you thought that dead man might be Mr. Gailor?" O'Malley asked Burden.

"I didn't," Burden replied. "I expected to see Mr. Gailor at the yacht club when I went there on Sunday. He wasn't around and I went on board his boat. It was moored in the yacht harbor. He was not there.

"He wasn't at his office on Monday or Tuesday, and the girl there hadn't heard from him. To-day, Wednesday, I decided to report his absence to the police, and they asked me to look at a man who had been found in the river. It proved to be Gailor."

"What was it you wanted to see him about?" O'Malley asked.

"It was nothing of importance."

"He got killed on his boat?"

"That's what the police say."

"You didn't know that before this?"

"I didn't."

"Okay, sir. Who's Kiley?"

Burden looked troubled. "He's the son of a neighbor."

"How come he killed Gailor?"

"He didn't!" Miss Burden declared fiercely. "He wouldn't! I don't think he would!"

She had started to cry. "He's been away. Before he went away he wouldn't have killed anybody, and I don't think he would now. He couldn't change that much. I'm sure that he wouldn't. He didn't kill anybody."

"How long was he away?"

"Two years and three months."

"When did he get back?"

"Three weeks and two days ago."

"Where was he?"

"Korea."

"In the Army?"

"He was. He's not now."

"They tell me you don't know where he is. The police don't know that, either. He got away . . . Well," O'Malley said to me wearily, "here's another of these things. I got to go round and ask questions and it won't get us anywhere."

We went to look at the dead man. He had been rather handsome and had been in his thirties. His temple was crushed. A detective was there.

"What have they got on Gailor?" O'Malley asked the detective.

"Except he was rich, we don't know much about him. He got killed with a hammer."

We went out to the yacht club. The scene was quite beautiful. White sails showed on the sound and the small boats lay at moorings in the yacht-club harbor.

It was the club race week. Members and their guests in bright clothing lounged on the clubhouse verandah and, nearer the water, others sat round tables under gay beach umbrellas. We saw the head steward.

"Is Kiley a member here?" O'Malley inquired of him.

"No, he was a guest."

"Whose guest?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Curlin."

"Well, Burden and Gailor — were they both members?"

"That's right."

He pointed out their boats to us. Gailor's was nearer. It was a fine cruiser. A club launch took us out to it. A local policeman had charge of it. We went down in the cabin. There hadn't been any fight there.

"How was this?" O'Malley asked the policeman.

"Well," the cop said, "it partly is theory. He was killed in the main cabin, because they found the most blood there. But he wasn't left there. He was taken up forward to the front cabin and put in a locker under one of the bunks.

"The theory is that whoever killed him came back and got him out later. He'd been alone in the boat. Friends he'd had out here went home after having dinner at the clubhouse, and the couple of guys he had for a crew live near here and go home at night when they can."

We examined the locker. The lock had been forced. So had the locks of several other lockers.

"Who busted the locks?" O'Malley inquired.

"The police officers did that. They didn't have any keys."

"You acquainted with people here?"

"Yes."

"You know Mr. and Mrs. Curlin?"

"Why, sure. Come up on deck and I'll point 'em out to you."

We went back on deck. The cop indicated a boat nearer to the harbor entrance. We signalled the club launch and asked to be taken there.

A woman and a man with white hair sat under an awning. Mrs. Curlin was in her twenties. I seldom had seen a more beautiful woman. The man was Judge Gillespie.

"Mr. Curlin isn't here?" O'Malley inquired of them.

"He will be," the judge told him.

He pointed to a swimmer far out in the sound. The swimmer drew nearer, climbed into an inflated rubber boat which was tied to the yacht's stern, sat for a few moments to put on his beach sandals and from there climbed to the yacht's rail.

He was tanned and athletic and seemed in his early thirties. He asked us our business.

"How was it," O'Malley inquired, "you came to invite Kiley out here?"

"Well, you might say he asked for it," Curlin replied. "He said it would be nice if we asked him out some week-end, and I invited him Saturday."

"He knew Gailor would be here?"

"There's no doubt of that."

"What did he do here?"

"As a matter of fact," Curlin said, "he spent most of his time paddling round in that rubber boat. He said he might have to spend a lot of time in one some day and he'd better get used to it. He was paddling round in the afternoon when Gailor's boat pretty nearly ran him down. That was purely an accident, though Kiley didn't seem to think so.

"He went out in it again after dinner. I don't know when he got through doing it, but it was well after midnight. My wife and I had gone to bed and were asleep when he came on board, so we don't know what time it was."

"Kiley is a flier?"

"That's right."

"You think he killed Gailor?"

"I have no opinion as to that," Curlin said carefully. "I imagine he would have been glad to do it."

We went back to headquarters. They had some reports there.

"Well," O'Malley said, when he had looked them over, "a cop has plenty of troubles. They got a line on that Gailor. He made a lot of money out of war contracts and he's made a lot more since. He was the sort of person who could get things. If you needed steel, he could get it for you. Or he could get you some lumber. You had to pay for it, though."

He picked up a report. "Curlin is a contractor. It was he who proposed Gailor for membership in that yacht club. It was Burden that seconded it. Burden is what they call a man of independent means. The way they tell it, Gailor wasn't much of a sportsman; he just liked the acquaintances he made that way.

"The story is any friend of his that was in trouble could go to him and get money. They say he never gave out money, though, without knowing what he was going to get back for it."

I nodded.

"That Judge Gillespie we saw in Curlin's boat doesn't live in New York," O'Malley went on. "He lives in Philadelphia. He was an old friend of Mrs. Curlin's father and is their guest here for the race week.

"They didn't find the hammer Gailor got killed with. It could be on the bottom of the harbor. They're sending a diver to look for it. We got all of that information and what good does it do us? It isn't getting us anywhere."

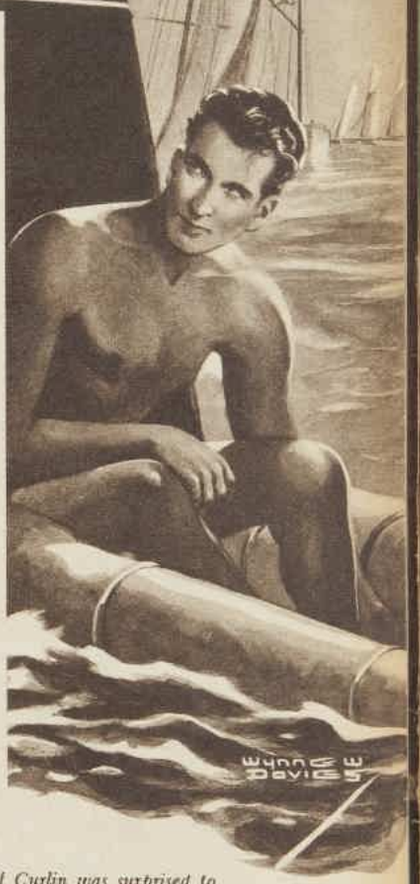
I saw in the next morning's paper that Jim Kiley had been captured. All railroad stations and boat landings had been watched and he had been caught taking a train for Maine. His family had a camp in the woods there. I went to headquarters.

"Has Kiley confessed anything, O'Malley?" I asked.

"I haven't seen him yet."

We went in to see him. Policemen had been questioning him, but they weren't doing it now. I felt sorry about him. I liked the boy's looks. He walked with a slight limp.

"Well," O'Malley said to him, "you pretty near got away from us. What was the reason?"



If Curlin was surprised to see the police on board his yacht, he gave no sign.

"I didn't want to be questioned."

"You killed Gailor, then?"

"I certainly didn't."

"We've got plenty of evidence," O'Malley said slowly. "You had it in for him and decided to murder him. You got the Curlins to ask you down over the week-end because you knew he would be there. There had been trouble between him and you ever since you got back here, and we know the reason. It looks like he knew what you were there for, because his boat tried to run into you."

O'Malley was making it tough.

"He was alone on his boat and you got on board with him. We got witnesses who saw you do it. You murdered him in his cabin. Then you didn't know what to do with him. You hid him on his boat. Half the night you were paddling round in that rubber boat waiting for a chance to get rid of him."

"It wasn't like that. I did go on his boat, but I only talked with him."

"We got plenty of people heard you tell him he'd never live to marry Miss Burden."

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The Accent is on Colour

. . . and you'll need a whole range of new hosiery shades to wear with the latest fashions!

Fashion designers are featuring a veritable riot of new colours in their autumn-winter creations. These, together with the shorter frocks, will spotlight your hosiery—a problem that has been solved for you by the wider range of hosiery shades presented by Prestige to help you be your perfectly groomed best in day or evening wear.

Whatever ensemble you choose, there's a Prestige hosiery shade to harmonise with it perfectly, or to accent its elegance by preserving an unbroken colour scheme. Such a range of beautiful shades is offered to you only by Prestige with whom it is a tradition to produce hosiery of none but the finest quality and finish.

It is impossible to convey by the printing process, in the above illustration, even a suggestion of the delicacy of the full range of hosiery shades presented by Prestige for the autumn-winter season. You simply must see these truly distinguished hosiery colours at your favourite store.

The season's most beautiful hosiery shades come in nylon and pure silk sheers

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Simon's Wife

By R. A. DICK

A TOO-KIND heart brings extraordinary complications into the life of CORDELIA SANDYS-BROWN, so that now she is masquerading as a servant at Cheridon Court, home of her husband, SIMON, wrongly reported killed at the war, and his sister, EVELYN, and AUNT HARRIET.

Her appearance disguised, Cordelia will not reveal her identity to Simon, believing him to be in love with an attractive widow, DOLORES.

Knowing that Evelyn intends to sell the Court, she negotiates secretly with the agent, MR. BETTS, to purchase it with money inherited from FRED HART, whom she married out of sympathy when she thought Simon was dead.

Simon abruptly leaves the house. Meanwhile, JOE COBDEN, farmer, has fallen in love with Cordelia, while the small boy STUBBS, who persuades her to buy an old horse, wins her keen interest in his welfare.

Now read on:—

CORDELIA coud not see Stubbs when she came to Cuckoo Field; but as she drew near the great oak tree she could hear him speaking to Nap, who stood lazily cropping the grass beyond its shade.

". . . And this other 'orse," he said, "'e falls at Becher's Brook, see, and you jump clean over 'im and the water, see, and I sez to you I sez, 'You've got it in the bag, chum,' and we go past this other 'orse wot's been in the lead like a streak of lightin' . . ."

Nap looked more like a thunderbolt and a stationary one at that, thought Cordelia sadly as she came round the tree.

"Good evening, Stubbs," she said.

He looked up at her almost with dislike, as if she were the horse in the lead, winning by a neck at the post after all.

"'Ullo," he said, scrambling to his feet. "Looks better, don't he."

She had not seen Nap for more than a week. He certainly was stouter, but in her eyes the added weight only seemed to enhance his age, making the droop in his back more pronounced, the sag in his knees more noticeable. He looked at her sleepily out of the corner of one eye and crunched with placid enjoyment at the carrot Stubbs took from his pocket and gave him.

"Stubbs, where did you get that carrot?" she asked sternly.

Stubbs gave his shorts a violent hitch, and passed the back of his hand across his nose.

"Wot's a few old carrots?" he asked evasively. "We got ter feed 'im up, 'aven't we? Carrots 'as got iron in 'em. Nap needs iron, don't 'e?"

"Not if it means stealing!" replied Cordelia.

"You been talkin' ter Ma!" he flashed out at her.

"Yes, I have," admitted Cordelia. "Sit down, I want to talk to you now."

She seated herself on the dry moss beneath the tree, leaning back against the gnarled old trunk, and after a moment's hesitation Stubbs squatted down on his heels at some distance from her, digging up the moss with his fingers, looking beyond her at the horse.

"I'm going away," began Cordelia.

"You takin' Nap?" asked Stubbs quickly.

"No," said Cordelia. "I shall try to make arrangements with Mr. Cobden to leave Nap here. Now, Stubbs," she went on, "you must listen to me. You don't like me telling you that Nap is an old horse, I know, but you must believe me. He is an old horse, a very old horse indeed."

A glazed expression came over Stubbs' eyes, as if he were pulling down a blind between himself and the speaker.

"I forgot to tell you," he said after a pause. "Mr. Cobden 'asn't got a saddle, but 'e might be gettin' one any day now."

"Listen to me, Stubbs," said Cordelia sternly. "You have got to face the truth about Nap. Look at him, look at him honestly . . . doesn't he look old to you?"

"Nope," said Stubbs without hesitation.

How did one make a child recognise something that he did not want to see? wondered Cordelia desperately. She thought back to her own childhood.

She had longed for a rocking-horse, but there had been no money to buy one, and she had made herself a Dobbin with a stout clothes horse, with a tea-cosy for a head and a hearth brush for a tail. With a pillow as a saddle and string for stirrups and reins, she had galloped many miles in her imagination, and the clothes horse had had more beauty than a Derby winner.

Perhaps that was the secret behind some modern Art, she thought suddenly. One could perhaps make a more ideal animal in one's mind out of a clothes horse than out of a living creature that could never attain the ultimate in beauty. Perhaps that was why some men married such very plain wives!

Now I'm getting muddled, she thought, for plain women are often far more alive than beautiful ones, and all this introspection is getting me no nearer finding a way to solve the problem of Stubbs' illusion about Nap, even if it explains it.

"I'm afraid he is old," she went on gently. "Look at his poor old knees, the way they sag under his weight, the grey hair in his mane and tail, the long yellow teeth. They all show his age."

PART SEVEN OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

"'E ain't old," said Stubbs valiantly, and rising he went to Nap, standing with his back to Cordelia, while the horse nuzzled his neck. "'E's no older than you are," said Stubbs in a muffled voice.

"That's true enough," said Cordelia. "I'm nearly 30, which is very old indeed for a horse, and no horse of that age could possibly run in a race. In fact it would be cruel to ride him at all, poor old fellow."

"If you want your money back, say so," said Stubbs jerkily. "You can 'ave it. I'll go out to work, I will. I'll give you back every . . . every penny. But no one ain't goin' ter sell Nap to no knacker."

"Of course not," said Cordelia. "I've no intention of selling him to anyone. He's earned a good rest."

Stubbs was silent, one earthy little hand stretching up to stroke feverishly at the horse's nose.

"Oh, Stubbs dear, do please try to understand," pleaded Cordelia.

Still he did not reply, and she went on quickly, "I've been talking to your mother, but not only about carrots. She's going to let me try to find a place for you as an apprentice in the racing stable where your uncle works, when you are old enough to leave school. That might mean that you could become a real jockey one day. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

The stroking hand was still. Suddenly it gave a little pat to Nap's nose, a pat of reassurance—or was it farewell?

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, Stubbs stood there with his back to her without speaking. There was a long silence. Nap, tiring of the nuzzling that brought no more carrots, moved away and began to crop the grass again, tearing it with long rendings from the thicker grass by the hedge.

"Could I take Nap along?" he asked at last gruffly.

"We might ask if they'd have him," said Cordelia, with more assurance, since she felt sure that there would be no need to make such a request when it came time for Stubbs to be apprenticed.

"Then I'll go," said Stubbs sternly, "if I can take 'im."

"That's grand," said Cordelia, "but in the meantime there's to be no more stealing, nor idling in school, nor rudeness at home. Honesty and hard work and courtesy are things we all need to learn—they're the groundwork for any success in any trade or profession."

"The colors at them stables is blue and silver," said Stubbs.

"You'll never wear them if you don't deserve them," said Cordelia, firmly, though her eyes were twinkling at Stubbs' reaction to her homily. He was obviously recovering more speedily than she'd dared hope from his disillusionment. But she felt she must drive her last lesson home more securely for his mother's sake as well as his own.

Rising, she went to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"We're still partners," she said gravely. "Don't you dare let me down! And now be off to bed or your mother will spank me."

He gave a sudden wide grin.

"O.K. pard!" he said, and twisting away from her hands he was off across the field, galloping and whinnying, kicking up his heels, as if he were a young colt breaking away to freedom.

On the following day, Cordelia redoubled her efforts to find Simon's address. Growing more reckless with her lack of success, she asked Aunt Harriet outright if she knew at which hotel in London he might be staying, but the old lady had no idea. Why did Cordelia want to know Simon's whereabouts anyway?

She had been left some money, replied Cordelia, and she had wanted to ask Mr. Sandys-Brown's advice about investments.

"H'mph! Glad to hear you've inherited money," said Aunt Harriet. "Is it enough for you to live on in comfort?"

"More than enough," said Cordelia.

"Were you expecting a legacy?" asked Aunt Harriet. "Rather sudden, wasn't it? You never said anything to me about any expectations."

"It was very sudden, and most unexpected," said Cordelia, thankful to be able to answer this question with perfect truth.

"Well, I hope you won't fritter it away," said Aunt Harriet. "Women can be such fools about money."

Please turn to page 29

Painfully aware of Evelyn and Aunt Harriet, Cordelia tried desperately to make her talk non-committal.

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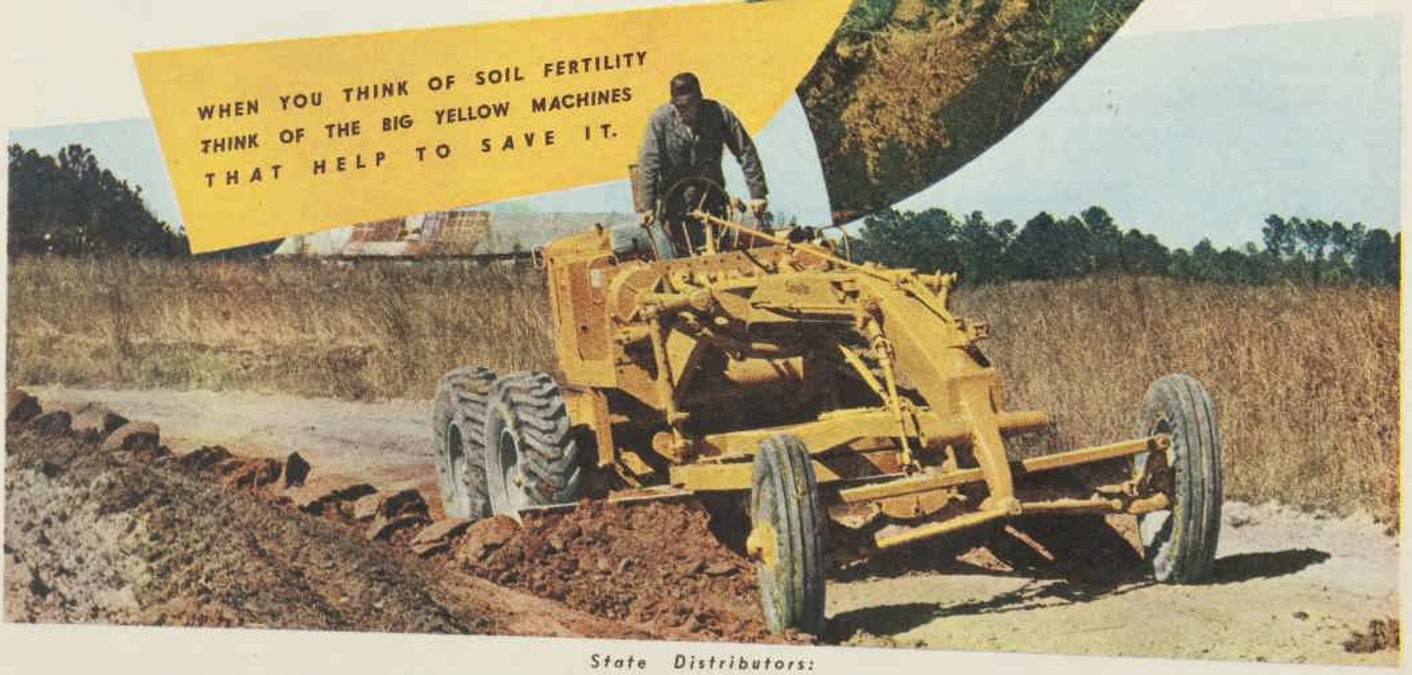

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TAURUS IS A DOG

DEAR MR. STARGAZER,

I am writing to you because I am in a very nasty situation. This situation mainly consists of a girl named Mamie.

I met this girl about six months ago and I planned that by this time I shall be in a very different situation than I am in. In case that sounds confused, it might be because that is the same condition that I am in also.

Here is the story:

On a certain night I am driving from Duluth to Chicago. At about eleven-forty I park the truck beside Hank's Hamburger Heaven, a spot which I make whenever I am pulling a load along that route.

I am ahead of schedule, so I look forward to a steak and three cups of Hank's coffee, which is much better mud than is common among the eating spots along the route. I am about as happy as a guy can be who has a good job and a good digestion.

I stalk into Hank's and take a stool. I push my cap back and inhale the smell of good cooking. The service is somewhat less than jet-propelled, so I rap sharply on the counter. That brings a girl bouncing out of a booth at the back of the place, with her order pad in hand and pencil ready.

And what a girl! When she gives me both those eyes, I say, "Turn on the dimmers, you're blinding me." But I do note her other accessories, which are strictly de luxe.

She seems to think what I say is funny, because she laughs. "That's cute," she says. It is not only what she says, but also the way she says it, which gives me the belief that she doesn't say the same thing to each and every guy who comes in.

I tell her about my run, how often I make this run and how that right then I plan to make it steady. She is no doubt the most interesting conversationalist I ever met.

"You must have the most interesting experiences," she says. I realise that I do have a few stored up, which I serve up between bites.

Well, Mr. Stargazer, I leave Hank's that night forty minutes behind schedule and with plenty of ideas. "Hurry back," she says as she rings up my check and that is exactly what I figure on doing. When I hit Chicago, I breeze up to Moynihan, who is chief of operations there, and ask him for the Chicago run steady.

"You never used to like that one," he said. "Got a new angle?"

"Personal reasons," I say.

It's terrible to be in love with a girl who is both quick-tempered and a good shot, I decided, as Mamie let fly with a soup-bowl.

"Blonde or brunette?" he grins. "Okay, take the run. But I don't want the wheels run off those trucks so as you can make like Romeo fifteen minutes longer at some hash house."

The next run I stop at Hank's again on the way to Duluth, but Mamie is indisposed, so the other girl on duty tells me. "You tell Mamie," I say, "that Richie Casey will be here to-morrow night in his own private vehicle."

The next afternoon I drive my crate from Duluth to the town Hank's place is in. Mamie is not at Hank's, but Hank himself tells me where her house is located. I drive there, ring the front door-bell, and Mamie answers the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Casey," she says.

What goes, I says to myself, that I have changed from Richie to Mr. Casey in the small matter of a couple of days? "Hi, Mamie," I say, "here I am." Which she can see for herself.

I am not doing so good at that point, maybe on account of the great lack of encouragement she is giving me. "How about dining, dancing, and et cetra?" I ask.

"We-e-ll, maybe a movie," she says.

"That will be just dandy," I say, kind of sarcastic, "if it isn't too exciting. I plan on a quiet evening anyway." I am more than somewhat put out by the sudden change in weather.

We see the movie, which is just a movie, and we drive to a place for some chicken. While the bird is being caught and subdued, I speak to Mamie.

"To-night," I say, "you act as if you found out that I have a wife and six kids. That is in quite sharp contrast to the royal welcome I got the night I made your acquaintance. To put it in the vernacular—I don't get it."

"It is all on account of my horoscope," she says. "I follow Mr. Stargazer's column of advice very faithfully."

"That statement of policy is no doubt crystal-clear," I say. "Only I never happen to have made the acquaintance of the gentleman."

"It is somewhat involved," she says. "If I can dredge up the evening paper, I can clarify."

The waitress unwraps the evening paper from about the garbage and brings it to our table. Mamie smooths it out and hunts through it till she comes to a column of pictures, numbers, and words—your column, Mr. Stargazer.

The pictures are of bulls, fishes, crabs, and suchlike flora and fauna, arranged in two rows. With each picture are certain dates and some numbers. Between the rows of pictures are two rows of words, each with a number in front of it.

"To begin with, I am a Taurus," she says.

"Indeed," I say.

"I mean that I was born on May first, which makes me being born under the sign of Taurus. Taurus is the bull. Taurus is one of the Signs of the Zodiac, all of which are neatly arranged here in columns. I look under my sign here, and read my advice for the day.

"For to-day all Tauruses are advised as follows, 'Coolness recommended in personal relationships.' I am therefore acting cool towards all persons to-day."

I am beginning to see the direction from which the wind is blowing. "And what did Mr. Stargazer advise on the day I met you?" I ask.

"He advised, 'Romance will come into your life,'" she says.

This is a blow, as I see then that it is not even my personality which makes the impression, but rows of crabs, bulls, fishes, et cetera. The pride of the Caseys is wounded to the quick. The rest of the evening drags to a close, with Mamie shaking hands with me in friendly fashion as she says good-bye at the front door.

And that, Mr. Stargazer, is only the beginning. I am so mad that night as I drive back to Duluth that I think of doing desperate things like going on another run. But the next night I am back at Hank's place and Mamie has out the red plush carpet.

I am all set to tell Moynihan to change my run when I get to Chicago, but the change in Mamie makes a difference. I would have given something to know what you, Mr. Stargazer, said that day, but I don't ask. I would still rather think my personality has something to do with it.

"I will be back through here to-morrow night," I mention offhand.

"That will be nice," she says.

"I could come down from Duluth later in the evening," I hint.

"I will be through at nine to-morrow night," she says.

By FRANCIS WILLIAMS

When I get to Chicago, I try to get some advice from Moynihan. He is ordinarily not the kind of guy I would get friendly with, as he has got a perverted sense of humor and a nasty disposition when aroused, which is mostly all the time.

"Moynihan, what do you know about astrology?" I ask.

He cocks an eye at me and bites his cigar. "What I learn from the almanac that the liniment company used to send my old man. Good for man or beast, taken internally or externally, but remove saddle before applying. Why?"

"I have got to know a certain party who is quite interested in the subject," I say, somewhat cautious.

"In other words, you got a girl who is star-struck," Moynihan says, in his usual brutal fashion. "In the case of such girls, you gotta be careful, as screwy ideas may prevail. For instance, you get your temperature way over the boiling point about some such dame, only to be met by a remark that you can only be good friends on account of a Taurus cannot mate with a Pisces."

Please turn to page 38

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Queen Mary's carpet

Sample of Royal handwork to earn dollars for Britain

From ANNE MATHESON of our London office

● The carpet Queen Mary has taken eight years to make in gros point is expected to earn a million dollars for the British exchequer when sold in New York.

CARPET worked in gros point by Queen Mary photographed just before she had completed the last corner. There are twelve panels. When it is finished it will be mounted at the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington, where Queen Mary was taught to work in gros point in 1939.

ONE PANEL of the twelve in the carpet is shown below. Queen Mary selected the traditional English 18th-century design after looking at hundreds in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Royal School of Needlework supplied the canvas panels with the design chosen by Queen Mary.

IT was suggested that the carpet should be sold for charity, but Queen Mary said it was her wish the proceeds should go to the Government, since she felt it the duty of everyone to help the country as far as possible in its need for dollars.

Love of English craftsmanship inspired Queen Mary to make the carpet, and her love for the nation and desire to serve it induced her to make a gift of it to the Government.

QUEEN MARY, who is 82, is shown in this picture at her writing-desk, seated on a tapestry-covered chair. She has always shown great interest in tapestry, petit point, and gros point.

The carpet measures 10 feet 2 inches by 6 feet 9½ inches, and is reckoned to contain a million stitches.

Queen Mary is an exquisite needlewoman and each of the 12 panels is beautifully worked in birds and flowers on backgrounds of beige varying in tone. The narrow surrounding border is of scattered flowers.

The carpet, when shown to the Press, was complete except for one corner, on which Queen Mary is working at the moment at Marlborough House. When the corner piece is finished it will be attached to the rest at the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington.

THE ROYAL SIGNATURE "Mary R." and the date 1944 are clearly shown on this enlarged portion of one of the carpet panels. Queen Mary is an accomplished needlewoman. Color pictures were taken by Robert Hummel.

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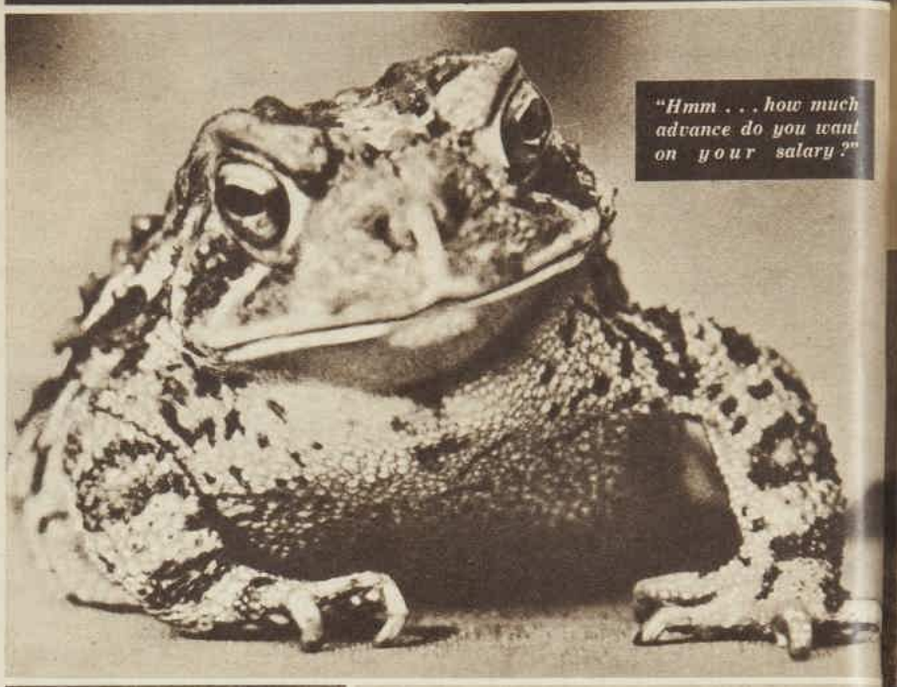
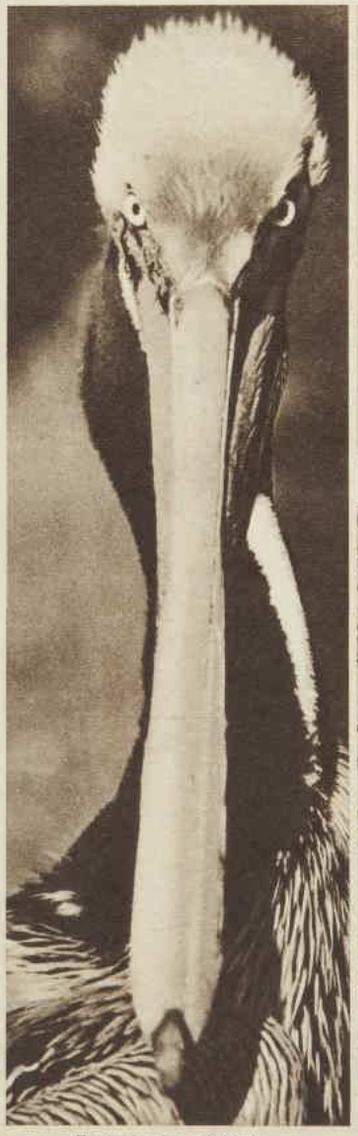


"Hmm . . . how much advance do you want on your salary?"



Friend of a friend looking for a job.

An old schoolmate making a small touch.

"When you're through phoning your boy-friend, Miss Smith, I want you to take some letters, if you don't mind."

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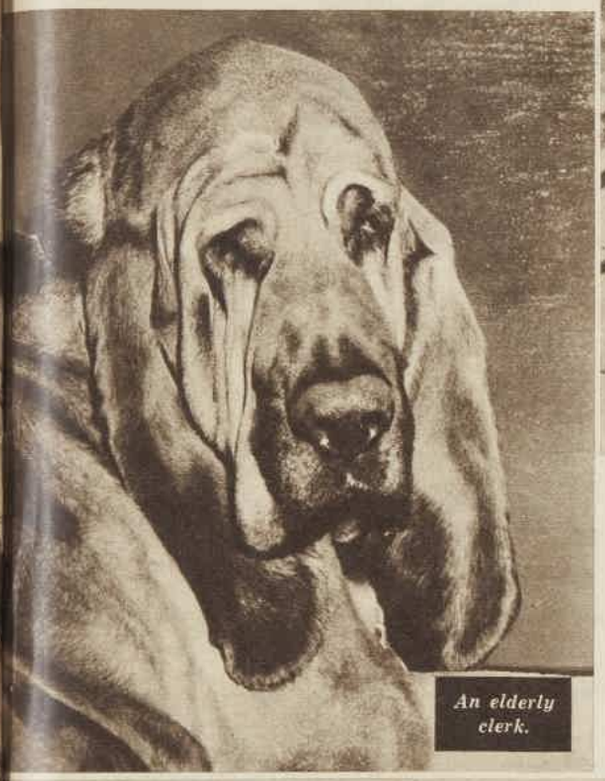
Men round the office

★ Looking through some animal photographs, Mr. Clare Barnes, jun., a New York advertising man, was struck by the resemblance of certain of the subjects to people in his office. From the resulting book, "White Collar Zoo," we show selections on these pages—certain that, like Mr. Barnes, you'll find they remind you of people in your office, too.



An elderly clerk.

"Anybody got some headache powders? I went round the night-clubs with a client last night."

"I think it's high time something was done about the phone service in this office."

Unidentified boy-friend of girl in costing department, photographed at annual office party.

"Psst! Look busy, everybody, here comes the boss!"

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HC 4

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Velvet in favor

This autumn velvet is the favorite fabric with Paris designers, used either for the complete gown or combined with silks, taffeta, laces.

● Dior makes an overskirt, at left, from a huge square of velvet, and Carven's cocktail frock, above, has a snug-fitting velvet bodice and embroidered lace skirt.

● Molyneux achieves a striking effect, above, with white embroidery on black velvet, and, at left, Jean Desses creates a magnificent evening gown in two shades of velvet. Note his camisole top, the long torso line, trained skirt.

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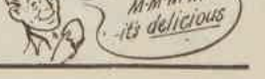

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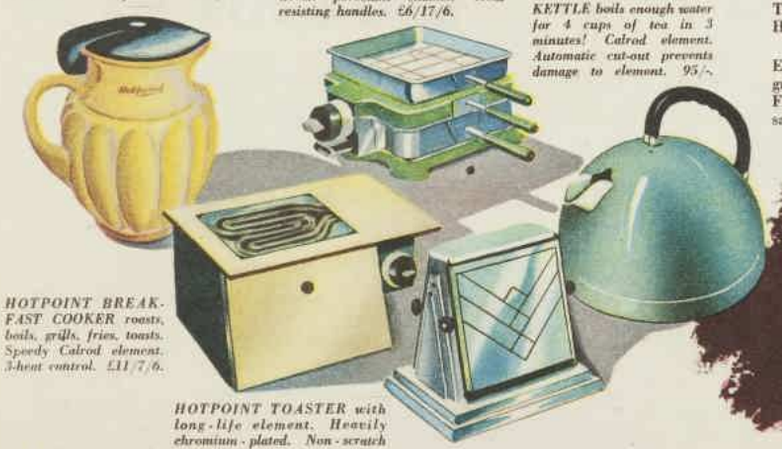

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We buy Royal story: THE LITTLE PRINCESSES

FULL of intimate touches, including this early letter of Princess Margaret's, "The Little Princesses," by Marion Crawford, was hotly bid for in America and England.

FAMILY GROUP. "Crawfie," governess of the little Princesses, writes intimately of the Royal Family, and describes their happy life at 145 Piccadilly, where this picture was taken in 1937, and at Buckingham Palace.

ELIZABETH AND MARGARET AS THEIR GOVERNESS KNOWS THEM

In our issue of April 22, we will begin publication of an epoch-making feature—"The Little Princesses," written by Marion Crawford, formerly their governess.

This intimate story of Elizabeth and Margaret is creating a sensation in America, where it is being serialised in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

ITS success is easy to understand. American women, like women everywhere, love the Royal children. They have read a tremendous amount about them and about the incidents of their daily lives.

Nothing written so far approaches in intimacy these memoirs by "Crawfie," as the Royal Family all called Miss Crawford. The story is winning its way to the hearts of women of every nationality.

She took them for their first ride in a tube train, organised their first Girl Guide troop, supervised their first swimming lessons.

She saw them in all their moods. So she presents them, not as little paragons incapable of disobedience, but as real children with endearing fits of naughtiness and bouts of rebellion.

Crawfie was with the children and saw them in all phases of their growth and mental development, from the quiet life at 145 Piccadilly when their father was Duke of York to Philip's courtship of Elizabeth.

"Lilibet" was rising six when Miss Crawford accepted the position, and Margaret Rose was still a toddler.

The keynote of the home, as Miss Crawford saw it, was youth, laughter, and deep, if undemonstrative, affection.

Every morning and evening the Duke and Duchess devoted themselves to a play hour with Lilibet and Margaret Rose.

The evening session was often joined by the children's favorite uncle, the Prince of Wales, Uncle David.

First shadow to fall on the family circle was the death of King George V. His favorite grandchild was Lilibet, who showed to her grandfather an affectionate familiarity such as none of his own children would have dared.

The shadow of his death was followed quickly by an even darker one, that of the abdication of Edward VIII—Uncle David—which was to result in the break-up forever of the simple life led by the family of the Duke of York.

Miss Crawford, now firmly established in the family and christened by Lilibet "Crawfie," by which name she has now become world famous, tells of the atmosphere of foreboding which filled the home during the events which led to the abdication.

On one occasion Edward VIII brought the then Mrs. Simpson to Royal Lodge, where the family was staying for the week-end, for tea.

"I have never admired the Duke and Duchess more than on that afternoon. With quiet and charming dignity they made the best of this awkward occasion, and gave no sign whatever of their feelings. But the atmosphere was not a comfortable one, and I was glad when the Duchess said:

"'Crawfie, would you like to take Lilibet and Margaret into the woods for a while?'"

When the Duchess, after weeks of tension and uncertainty, called Crawfie to her room to break to her the news of the abdication, she entered just as Queen Mary left with tears streaming down her face.

"We must take what is coming to us, and make the best of it," the Duchess told Crawfie with a sigh.

Then life at Buckingham Palace began.

The children were fascinated with the change and, in particular, the opportunity which the palace offered for looking out on the wide world from vantage points.

Other children were a never failing source of interest to the little Princesses, who inevitably met few.

When the day of the Coronation came Lilibet was 11, and Margaret Rose not yet seven.

"I do hope she won't disgrace us by falling asleep in the middle, Crawfie," said Lilibet of her little sister. "She's very young for a Coronation, isn't she?"

During the war years the Princesses led the austere life of all English people.

After the war came the time when Elizabeth was faced with a private problem, her love for Prince Philip.

While the romance was not opposed it was not really encouraged by the Royal Family, and those who were close to Lilibet knew of her unhappiness during the months of uncertainty.

On her return from the African tour Philip's courtship continued.

The couple did not have many opportunities to be alone, but perhaps their happiest moments were the simple supper parties in the converted nursery which Crawfie describes, and at which Lilibet and Margaret entertained Philip.

As in any family the younger sister, who was "not undemanding," Crawfie says, was in the way, and the understanding governess would persuade her to leave Lilibet and Philip to themselves.

Then, one morning early, Elizabeth looked into Miss Crawford's room and said radiantly:

"Crawfie, something's going to happen at last."

"'It's about time,' was all I could say, and there was a big lump in my throat," the narrative continues.

When she met Philip after the official announcement on the following day, he greeted his fiancee's governess with the words:

"I'm so proud of her, Crawfie."

"Sir, you have good reason to be, and who should know better than I," Crawfie replied.

With Elizabeth's romance and subsequent marriage, the details of which make fascinating reading, the governess' work with the Heir Presumptive was ended.

But sensible Scotswoman that she is, Crawfie still gave Elizabeth advice after her marriage.

One piece was about consulting her mother on her every move.

She said: "What do you think your husband's feelings are? He must be absolutely furious. You are hurting him in doing this, and you can't go on doing it."

Miss Crawford remained for a while to work with Princess Margaret, but the younger Princess had little time for study.

So Crawfie, who was married, a little while before Elizabeth's wedding, to George Buthlay, whom she had known since her schooldays, retired to Nottingham Cottage, a "grace and favor" gift of the King.

NOW FAMOUS in America, as well as in Britain, Marion Crawford, author of "The Little Princesses," photographed at her desk, looking at some photographs of her Royal charges.

World bidding for these memoirs

NO magazine feature in recent years has created such tense excitement, or been so strenuously bid for by publishers, as Marion Crawford's manuscript of "The Little Princesses."

Everyone wanted it, not only because it is a close-up story of Elizabeth and Margaret in their formative years, but also because Miss Crawford has drawn her picture in such a vivid and fascinating way. The result is a real-life story more entrancing than any novel.

Eventually it was purchased by the American Ladies' Home Journal, who paid Miss Crawford what has been described as a "fabulous sum," though the precise amount has not been disclosed.

Success of the serial with the American public has been immediate and unprecedented.

English publishing firms at once began bidding fiercely for rights to serialise "The Little Princesses" in the British Empire.

Finally, against high offers from Amalgamated Press and Odhams, the house of Newnes bought Empire rights for £35,000 sterling.

Exclusive rights

THE Australian Women's Weekly has purchased from Newnes the exclusive right to serialise "The Little Princesses" in Australia.

Odhams, who publish a chain of newspapers and magazines, have rushed into serial publication in London a story of the life of Princess Elizabeth under the title of "The Real Princess Elizabeth."

This survey of Elizabeth's life makes heavy and rather dull reading. Written anonymously, it revamps matter already well known to the reading public and entirely lacks the novelty, the picturesque incidents, the close and personal knowledge that have gone into "Crawfie's" narrative.

All this has greatly increased interest in Miss Crawford's story.

Latest shot by a rival publication is an attack by "The Leader," an English weekly, on Newnes.

Received dollars

"HOW," asks "The Leader," "did Newnes get permission from the British Treasury to spend dollars on buying 'The Little Princesses'?"

The situation, it declares, is ironical in that Britain had to spend dollars in order to get this story of its own Princesses.

The fact is that, on balance, Britain (through Miss Crawford) received more dollars than it lost in buying Empire rights in the feature.

But the importance to Britain of publishing "Crawfie's" story far transcended these considerations.

This warm-hearted story is doing invaluable work in making the American public more conscious of the dignity, romance, and democratic spirit of the British Royal tradition.

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Editorial

APRIL 8, 1950

CHRISTIAN STANDARDS

EASTER will be celebrated in Christian churches throughout the world this week.

For many people, whether devout churchgoers or not, Good Friday is a time of self-examination, of measuring one's shortcomings against the standard set by the life and teachings of Christ.

But for others, Easter is just a welcome break in the rush of modern living.

Modern man has invented scientific marvels to bring about easier work and material well-being. Yet he is beset by appalling fears and surrounded by misery.

In Western Europe, although 2,000,000 displaced persons have been moved to a new life in other countries, more millions of refugees remain, and thousands of children are still homeless.

In Eastern Europe thousands are afraid to profess their Christian belief. In China famine is raging.

When he thinks about these miseries, the average man has a helpless feeling that they can be tackled only by government agencies.

Governments, certainly, have devised schemes, and have spent vast sums.

But only personal concern and individual compassion can finally alleviate suffering.

It is a tragic indication of man's spiritual blankness that the basic teachings of Jesus Christ are so little remembered and applied in everyday living.

As G. K. Chesterton once said: It is not that Christianity has been tried and found wanting, but that Christianity has been found difficult and has not been tried.

MRS. TROLLOPE: *Began to write at 50*

FAMOUS WOMEN

Mother of famous author turned novelist to support her penniless family

GREEN tea, 19th century equivalent of benzedrine, stimulated Frances Trollope's brain while she churned out racy fiction during all-night vigils at her son's death-bed.

On alternate nights she drugged herself into a few hours' sleep with laudanum.

Only by these means could this courageous woman have lived through the months when she was sole bread-winner, by her writing, for the family of six, also night and day nurse for her two consumptive children and invalid husband, and manager of the big, inconvenient old house just outside Bruges.

Her famous son, Anthony Trollope, tells us in his autobiography that her life during that period alternated between the medicine and ink bottles.

In the 18 months from the autumn of 1834, she sat by three death-beds—those of her second eldest son, Henry; her husband, and her youngest daughter, Emily.

She had an extraordinary capacity for shutting out all her troubles and concentrating on work, just as in happier days she did all her writing by four in the morning so that for the rest of the day she was free to enjoy family life.

It was only to save her family from financial disaster that she ever thought of becoming a writer.

She had turned 50 when her first book, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," was published and created a furore on both sides of the Atlantic.

Fanny was swept overnight from obscurity to fame.

She was entertained by the best Tory society in London, and was told by the Countess of Morley that if she made her identity known she "could have her carriage drawn in triumph by the populace."

But she had no time to care about fame. All that mattered was the money her book would bring.

Because John Murray expressed regret that he was not its publisher, she allowed herself to buy an extra half pound of butter; a favorable report on it from John Gibson Lockhart gave the worried mother courage to buy a quarter of a pound of tea, and yet another good report emboldened her to replace her tallow candles with wax.

The book brought her £600 — enough to settle the family's immediate debts, buy clothes, and move to a more comfortable house.

This was in 1832, and for the next 20 years, until she was 76, Fanny continued to write. She produced in all 41 books, amounting to 114 volumes.

Yet had she not given birth to Anthony, it is doubtful whether today her name would be known to any except students of Victorian authors.

Although there were long periods when Frances paid little attention to the future famous novelist, Anthony writes of her with the utmost praise and affection and she was obviously the model for all those charming "little brown women" in his books.

Married to a morose, irritable man whose life was a series of failures, Fanny must be forgiven for sometimes neglecting Anthony.

When, as Frances Milton, 28 years old, glowing with an impish joy of life and possessed of a ready wit and satiric tongue, she said "yes" to Thomas Anthony Trollope's sedate proposal of marriage, her future looked rosy.

Thomas was 34, an erudite lawyer with every prospect of succeeding in his profession, and he had great expectations as the acknowledged heir of an extremely wealthy, unmarried uncle.

The slender, small Frances, with her long straight nose, slanting brows, and pretty feet and ankles, allowed her extravagance full play.

She furnished their London home with the utmost elegance, dressed their servants in livery.

When guests came, the beautiful cut-glass chandeliers glowed down in all their brilliance; but Thomas adored petty economy and when the family was alone they had only tallow candles in the beautiful silver candlesticks.

Thomas could be firm enough about such small economies; but he could not restrain Frances from huge and devastating outlays.

After they had been married for nearly eight years both realised, though neither would admit it, that, far from being successful, Thomas had a steadily shrinking practice.

Expenses must be curtailed so they decided to move to Harrow, where the boys could be educated free under an ancient law of the school granting free tuition to day boys.

Thomas visualised moving into a small farmhouse; but Fanny, in one of her wildest exuberances, insisted they lease several hundred acres from Lord Northwick and build on it a big house, which they called "Julians."

The building of this house on another man's land was the first Trollope disaster; but much worse was to follow.

Poor Thomas' unfortunate personality not only lost him his law practice but turned his rich uncle against him. The old man, wanting companionship, and perhaps to spite Thomas, married a young woman, who promptly had several children, and shattered the Trollope expectations.

This final blow gave Fanny the crazy idea of going to America with the famous feminist Frances Wright, to join her colony at Nashoba, which was to be "a co-operative settlement for cultured whites, willing to work for the gradual emancipation of the negroes."

As a mother Fanny was a strange mixture. She was so headstrong that she would carry through an idea like this transfer to America, heedless of the cost to her family; but she had a sort of sixth sense about her children's welfare, and at least once it prevented tragedy.

She and young Tom, her eldest son, were walking in a field. Tom was some way ahead and running swiftly when his mother's urgent "Tom, stop!" brought him to an instant halt.

Fanny's instinct had stopped Tom on the very brink of an ancient well. One more step and he must certainly have plunged to his death.

But the same instinct did not save three of her children, Henry and the two girls, from the ill-starred Nashoba experiment, nor from hardships which undermined Henry's and Emily's health, and contributed to their deaths from consumption.

It took the pleasure and luxury loving Fanny only ten days to make up her mind that Nashoba was not for her.

This American venture meant years of loneliness and neglect for her husband and Anthony, first at "Julians Hill" (the farm where they moved from "Julians"), later immortalised by Trollope as "Orley Farm," and then on a squalid and desolate little farmhouse on the Harrow Weald.

Fanny had two reasons for the American journey. She did not want to admit to the world that financial ruin had necessitated leaving "Julians," and she wanted to establish Henry in a commercial undertaking in the frontier town of Cincinnati.

Henry was specially dear to Frances and she wished to save him from his father, with whom he had bitter and continuous quarrels.

But her method of doing it was 50 years ahead of its time and madly impracticable.

She and Thomas decided to build a huge bazaar, which was to be a sort of cultural centre for the frontiersmen and to make the Trollopes' fortune.

The citizens of Cincinnati were to have the chance to buy good pictures and objets d'art, to hear fine music, and in one section was to be sold fine hand work done by the local women.

Continued on page 23

FRANCES TROLLOPE, mother of Anthony Trollope, herself a popular novelist in early-Victorian times.

NURSERY RHYMES REVISED

AN Englishman, Geoffrey Hall, has taken the blood and thunder out of nursery rhymes.

He believes that the old versions, with their cruelty and sadism, are the cause of most of the world's distress. So he gives the children who lived in the shoe good broth and pieces of bread, and their mother kisses them soundly and puts them to bed.

Miss Muffet's spider spends the day with her, in Mr. Hall's version, but that will need some editing in a country where funnel-webs and red-backs are found.

Hall hasn't touched the fairy tales—and look what pikers they make of the comic strips! A whimsical article in A.M. for April, now on sale, points up some of the slaughter and mayhem you introduce to your nursery in the guise of fairy tales.

All parents should read this story. Price of A.M. is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By GUS*

Masterpieces of detective reading—10 thrilling stories each month in ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

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ROYAL COUPLE. A recent picture of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, taken on Princess Elizabeth's visit to Malta, where she lived in the residence of Earl and Countess Mountbatten.

ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Dick Gray (left), Sally Saalseld, and Pat Smith (right) offer congratulations to Judith Leadley and fiance Dick Barbour at celebration party given by Judith's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Leadley, of Bondi, at Pickwick Club.

GREEK RECEPTION. Denyse La Fleche, daughter of the High Commissioner for Canada, and Mrs. T. C. Baja, wife of the Consul for the Philippines, at reception given by Greek Consul-General, Dr. E. C. Vrisakis, and Madame Vrisakis at their Darling Point home.

Intimate Gettings

PREPARATIONS for Easter parade of gaiety get into swing and anxious eyes survey changing weather. Each Easter seems to be gayer, and invitations are out for numerous social engagements, many of which overlap.

Feminine racegoers wilt as they're fitted for Easter models—heavy suitings and woollen frocks and coats—and there's a rush to send the summer model that's survived the season to the cleaner's just in case it's a scorcher on Easter Saturday.

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CURTAIN raiser to the party season will be the Tom Baillieus' cocktail party to be held in the Wintergarden of the Australia Hotel this Thursday. Wise host and hostess, their party will come when everyone is fresh enough to enjoy it to its fill.

Night clubs round town are well booked for after the races, and lots of private parties will also be held. Members of Royal Sydney will have a party, and pretty sisters Jennifer and Josephine Roche have dance at home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Roche, at Edgecliff, where many of the younger fry forgather.

Races at Randwick this Saturday start the social round, and members of Australian Club invite their guests to special Club luncheon.

• • •

RACES again on Easter Monday and on Tuesday, April 11. Matrons' Ball will be held at Royal Sydney Golf Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Horsley, of Gundillawah, Gundagai, will have dance at the Pickwick for their daughter, Mary.

After Ladies' Day on April 12, members of the Union Club entertain guests at a reception, and Air Vice-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley and officers of headquarters, Eastern Area, R.A.A.F., issue invitations for garden party in grounds of officers' mess, Richmond Station.

Young friends of Margaret Burnet will be entertained at dance at the Pickwick Club on same night.

MORNING TEA at Vaucluse home of president, Mrs. Pierre Remond, for three members of the Rose Bay Convent Ex-Students' Association, who discuss plans for the Town and Country Fair, to be held at the convent on April 15 in aid of Margaret MacKay Memorial Kindergarten. From left: Mrs. Cecil O'Dea, Mrs. Remond, and Mrs. V. J. Flynn.

NAVAL PARTY. Rear-Admiral G. D. Moore with Mrs. J. Francis, wife of new Minister for Navy and Army, at cocktail party at Tresco. Mr. and Mrs. Francis come from Ipswich, Queensland.

HAPPY COUPLE. Lloyd Gilhome and his vivacious bride, formerly Margot Ekin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ekin, of Cootamundra, leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after marriage. Lloyd is only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gilhome, of Inverell. Reception at Pickwick Club.

COUNTRY matrons have invited their friends to a dance at the Wentworth Hotel on April 13, and for the debutante class Madelaine Archbutt's party at the Pickwick will be a gay forerunner to the evening.

Plenty to do in the day time, too, as there's the Show and yearling sales, as well as many luncheon dates, and the odd spot of shopping for folk down from the bush.

• • •

EASTER wouldn't be Easter without its Easter brides. Interesting wedding, to be held on Easter Saturday, will be Pat Searl's to Robert Bridges. Pat, who is youngest daughter of Mrs. Searl, of Toorak, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Fred Searl, of Sydney, will be married at St. James' Church, King Street, this Saturday.

Bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. E. I. Vonwiller, of Balmoral, and of the late Dr. F. J. Bridges, of North Sydney. Pat will wear a pale pink ensemble with matching hat and junior navy accessories. Best man will be John Royle. Pat's mother, Mrs. Searl, and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackay, of Wallendibby, Delegate, will come to Sydney for the wedding, which will be followed by a reception at the Carlton Hotel.

Couple will make home in Melbourne, where bridegroom is engaged in research in jet propulsion.

• • •

AFTER round of farewell parties, Mrs. Ron Roberts, of North Sydney, flew with her baby son Anthony to join her husband, First Officer R. Roberts, who is stationed with Qantas at Port Moresby. Couple are making their home there, and expect to be away for about two years.

GAY foursome when Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dwyer, of Centennial Park, celebrate their thirty-second wedding anniversary at Prince's. Captain R. McNamara and Mrs. McNamara attend dinner party, at which the hostess wears new model gown, purchased for Easter festivities, of white moire with panniered skirt and trimmed with opalescent sequins at neckline.

• • •

FIRST opportunity to get together with all three bridesmaids at one time for Barbara Fraser, of Eulo, Darlington, when she lunches at Romano's with Judith Allen, of Cooma, Pamela Woods, of Merriwa, and her fiance's sister, Anne Litchfield. Barbara's wedding with Jim Litchfield will take place at All Saints', Woollahra, on April 14.

• • •

ROUND of farewell parties commence for Mrs. C. G. Lambie, wife of Professor Lambie, who sails with her husband toward end of month for abroad. Their ship is the South Africa Star, which sails via the Cape, and Mrs. Lambie is looking forward to seeing her sister, Mrs. E. Macdonald-Imrie, who lives in South Africa. It will be the Lambies' first visit home to Scotland for twelve years. They will make their headquarters in Edinburgh. One of the biggest parties given for Mrs. Lambie was arranged by Mrs. David Gillespie and Mrs. H. V. London. Among guests invited were many from the Burns Club, the Folk Lore Association, and the Celtic Society, with which Mrs. Lambie was associated.

Joyce

HOME AGAIN after a few months' holiday in England and on the Continent are Gerry Pitt (left), of Double Bay, and Mary Morrison, of Melbourne.

COUNTRY INTEREST. John Wignall and his bride, formerly Sue Stephenson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Stephenson, of Eulin, Coonabarabran, leave All Saints', Woollahra, with attendants Bede Morris and Jill Merryfield and flower girl Kristin Watkins.

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Holiday for Mother

Continued from page 4

I LOOKED at father in astonishment. "At the restaurant. Didn't Paul tell you?"

"I haven't seen Paul," father said, "and mother is not at the restaurant."

"I wonder how she got out," I said.

"I suppose," father said, "she walked out."

"She couldn't have," I said, "because she didn't have any money. She was waiting for you to come and pay for the dinner. Paul was s'posed to come and tell you."

"Paul has not been near me," father said. "And I went to the restaurant, and I didn't see mother."

"Well, that's funny," I said. "We sat at a table in the corner. Maybe you didn't look there. She didn't have enough money to pay for it, and she told me to come and get you while she ate her pie and coffee, but you were gone. So I've been watching the digger."

"Look," father said. "Get in the car. Shut the door and don't open it. Sit there till I get back. I'll go and have another look for your mother. Maybe she was in a corner. I should think she'd recognise me when I came in, looking around."

I got in the car and father started away fast. "Hey," I yelled after him. "Maybe she's in the kitchen washing dishes."

I read a comic through and then father was back again, alone.

"I'm really getting worried," father said. "Didn't we have the whole family with us when we started out?"

"Of course," I said.

"Well, where are they?" father said. "Aunt Anna's expecting us for dinner at six. This was supposed to be your mother's trip, but she ought to keep us informed of her plans."

"She's in the restaurant," I said, "and there are tablecloths, white ones."

Father opened his eyes wide. "She didn't go to Fred and Milly's!" he said. "I might have known that she wouldn't go where I directed her."

"Oh, I forgot about that," I said. "Gosh, I'm sorry."

"A small matter, a small matter, all considered," father said. "Let's get going. We've got to hurry. She can't keep dawdling over dessert forever."

Mother smiled without opening her mouth when we ran in.

"There you are, darling," she said. "I'm afraid the dinner's off by this time. You'll have to do with just a sandwich. Do you want beef or ham?"

"I really don't——" father started to say.

"He'll take beef," mother said to the waitress.

The waitress went out and father said, "I had some sandwiches at a place near the garage."

"You'll have some more," mother said. "To save face this time. She thinks I've been holding down the fort for you."

The waitress brought the sandwich and coffee for father.

"Will you have more coffee?" she asked mother, and mother said, "Yes, please," and the waitress got big-eyed as she poured it, and mother laughed a tiny little laugh and said, "I never seem to get enough coffee, do I, dear?"

When she was gone again, mother looked at me and said, "You and Paul get in the car. Take Tommy, too, so we'll be all set to push off."

"Where's Paul?" I said.

"Where is Paul?" mother said.

"Yes," I said, "where is he?"

"Isn't he with you?" mother asked.

"No," I said. "I don't know where he went. I sent him to the garage after father."

All of the saving-face look went out of mother's face.

"Paul's lost!" she said. "Paul's lost. Oh, Rod," she said to me, "how could you do such a thing?"

"I only sent him after father," I said.

"But, Rod, you know you shouldn't. When you know he's so good at it."

She meant good at getting lost.

"Oh, he's a big boy," father said. "Don't worry. This isn't such a big town."

"Things happen even in little towns," mother said. "He'll be scared. That time he was lost in the city he was so scared he had nightmares."

"That was different," father said. "That was in a big city. He got panicky like that woman in Paris that they changed the hotel for. Did I ever tell you that? Because her mother died of the Black Death and they wanted to keep it quiet?"

Father was eating his sandwich. "This is good beef," he said. "So they sent this woman on an errand and changed the hotel completely before she got back."

Mother said, "Your child is missing. Maybe he's kidnapped. And you sit telling stories. Never mind the sandwich. We've got to find Paul."

"I thought you wanted me to eat it," father said. "I'm not worried about Paul. If there is a kid in the country who can take care of himself, it's Paul."

Mother was leaving. Father paid the bill and came after her. "Don't worry," he said, and he patted her shoulder. "He's probably at the garage. Nothing could happen."

Paul was not at the garage, though, and they had a little police station and he wasn't there, and we drove up and down the main streets and we ran into some of the shops to look, but we didn't find him.

Father said, "Think, Rod, where would you be if you were Paul?"

SO I thought. "I'd be watching the digger," I said.

Father clapped his hands loud once. "That's it!" he said.

So we went to the digger. We got out of the car and we looked all through the crowd watching, but we didn't see Paul, but then we heard him yell, and where do you think he was? Up on the top with the man driving it.

Mother held on to the railing and she was crying, but she called, "Paul, come down from there," and father said, "I told you Paul could take care of himself. I wonder how he pulled that off."

The man stopped the digger thing and they got Paul down and mother had run round to get him. And the man said, "Careful, lady, that's what the kid did—slipped in."

"Slipped into the hole?" mother said.

"Yeah," the man said.

"I was lucky to fall in this end," Paul said, "or the shovel might have dug me up. They let me sit up on top so I wouldn't fall in again."

"We thought," the man said, "it was a good high place to put a lost kid too. People'd see him."

Father said, "It's almost four. Get in the car."

When we started off, he said, "What in the world were you thinking of? Can't you kids stay put? Going wandering off around the town. We wasted over an hour looking for you."

Paul said, "I didn't mean to. I couldn't find the garage and I walked round and then when I saw the digger I thought it was a good place to wait." He looked as if he was going to cry.

"Oh, you did, did you?" father said. "I don't suppose you remembered the name of the restaurant?"

"I did," Paul said. "Longworth Coffee Shop."

Please turn to page 22

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First woman to contest Blacktown

Men have almost completely lost their prejudice against women entering politics, believes Nancy Saxby, who is the endorsed Liberal candidate for Blacktown in the coming New South Wales State elections.

NANCY SAXBY, who is contesting the New South Wales State elections as endorsed Liberal candidate for Blacktown.

FEEDING TIME on poultry farm as Mrs. Saxby flings wheat to her chickens. She runs farm with partner, Miss Joan Oswald-Sealy.

"SINCE I have come forward I have been tremendously encouraged, not only by the many women who have written to me, but by the number of men who have said, 'go to it,'" Mrs. Saxby says.

Nancy Saxby, at 44 years of age, is turning to politics after successful careers in the business world, the Services, and as a poultry farmer.

She claims to know the needs of the Blacktown electorate reasonably well, as for the past four years she has been a resident and property owner in the district, running an efficient poultry farm in partnership with Miss Joan Oswald-Sealy.

Mrs. Saxby is so far the only woman Liberal candidate for the elections, and the first woman ever to contest the Blacktown seat.

She gained her Liberal Party endorsement by defeating nine men candidates, several of whom have since shown their good sportsmanship by offering to help her in her election campaign.

Mrs. Saxby, who came to Australia from England 23 years ago, has an intelligent and vital manner. She speaks with deliberation, giving the impression of thinking before she speaks, and with a slightly English accent.

Before she became a poultry farmer Mrs. Saxby spent ten years as the secretary to the managing director of one of Sydney's foremost newspaper publishers, followed by several years' service as a Flight-Officer in the W.A.A.A.F.

While in the W.A.A.A.F. she was one of two women chosen to work at General MacArthur's secret operational war-room in Brisbane, which was then base headquarters.

In this capacity she came in daily contact with General MacArthur, and was present at the meetings of Allied war leaders each day when intelligence reports from all sectors of the front were read and considered.

Later she was appointed publicity officer for the R.A.A.F. and the W.A.A.A.F. in the Eastern Area.

Mrs. Saxby said that although she has been interested in politics for many years it was while at Eastern Area Headquarters she made up her mind to stand for parliament as soon as the opportunity arose.

"I met hundreds of youngsters in the Services and since the war have kept in touch with many of them. I got to know what they expected and hoped for after the war, and I know that they haven't got it," she said.

As the mother of a 25-year-old son, Mrs. Saxby has further interest in the young people. Her son John is a graduate of the Royal Naval College and a lieutenant in the R.A.N., who hopes shortly to relinquish his commission and take up medicine at Sydney University.

Mrs. Saxby and a fellow ex-W.A.A.A.F. officer, Miss Joan Oswald-Sealy, exhibited a fine pioneer spirit when they decided to take up poultry farming after the war.

Neither of them had had any experience of rural life, but both thought they would like to try it instead of going back to their commercial careers.

On leaving the W.A.A.A.F. they took a poultry farming course with the Department of Agriculture, and after buying some property 12 miles out of Blacktown, built a house on it and worked at establishing a small, efficient farm.

Amenities needed

THEY succeeded so well that their farming activities were featured in a special propaganda brochure which was distributed overseas as a guide for prospective migrants.

Mrs. Saxby said that she was encouraged to stand for Parliament when she saw that the semi-rural Blacktown electorate, although as near as 20 miles to Sydney in some sections, lacked so many amenities.

Transport services throughout the district are rather poor, roads badly need attention to make feeder-bus travel more comfortable, and schools are inadequate, she claims.

"Mostly, though, I am anxious to see that the people of the electorate get the homes they have been promised more speedily," she said.

She says she has never taken any part in election campaigns before, so feels she has come into politics with a fresh outlook.

"I am not going to indulge in a campaign against my opponent, stressing what hasn't been done in the electorate, but what will be done if I am elected. It is a 'will' campaign," she said.

Mrs. Saxby is not the least bit appalled at the prospect of speech-making, as she said she had quite a schooling in public speaking, giving lectures while in the W.A.A.A.F.

"I overcame any nervousness I might have had when I was given only five minutes' notice one day to make a loan rally speech in Martin Place," she said.

OUR COVER

THE picture on our cover is a window at St. Matthew's Church of England, Windsor, New South Wales, and depicts the Easter story. It was taken by staff photographer Bill Howarth.

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Meds

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Holiday for Mother

Continued from page 20

FATHER was almost screaming now. "Then why," he said, "didn't you ask to be directed there? You knew some of the family was there. Aunt Anna's having dinner at six o'clock, and we're still fifty miles away."

"The delay," mother said sweetly, "was not entirely caused by Paul, you may remember. I think it was very smart of him to get to sit in the driver's seat of that thing. I tell you what I'll do, you forgive Paul and I'll forgive you."

"For what?" father said.

"For setting me up as a queen without any treasure," mother said.

Father laughed. "Queenie," he said, "mentally I bend my knee in supplication. I beg your forgiveness. We got off to a bad start, but here we go."

He started to speed up.

"Whee!" Paul said. "Queenie rides again!"

"Silence!" father said.

"And deceleration," mother said.

"What's that?" I said.

"Deceleration. retardation," mother said. "Slowness, compared to what we now have."

"O.K., Queenie," father said, "but Aunt Anna isn't going to like it. She likes meals on time."

Father slowed the car way down. He was looking at the temperature gauge.

"Not again?" mother said.

"Again," father said.

"It appears," mother said, "that you are not personally acquainted with every part of the car. If you are, please speak to it."

Father did speak to it, but it didn't do any good. We stopped again in the next town. We took a walk, all together so as not to get lost. It was getting cloudy and dark, and it was a very sticky town with mosquitoes. After a long while the car was fixed and it started to rain and we started.

The rain came down in bucketfuls and we had to go terribly slow and it splashed way up around the car when we went through puddles, and finally we stopped.

"What now?" mother asked.

"The sparkplugs are wet, I suppose," father said. He sat there.

"What causes that?" mother said.

"Water, of course," father said.

"Other cars don't seem to be affected," mother said. "They're still going past."

"It's because this one is so old," father said, and he sounded tired out. "It's been saving up the water for eight years."

"Well, if it isn't that, why is it?" mother said.

"It could just be something that happened to me because I'm so wicked," father said.

It was exciting watching the hard rain. Some cows in a paddock stood under a tree with their heads down, but still the water was streaming off them. It was past five-thirty when we got started again.

"I'm hungry," Paul said.

"Well, we're not going to stop again till we get there," mother said. "What's that noise?"

Father was too busy to answer. He looked as if he was driving wild horses. We bumped along on the road. There was a railing at the side and no footpath. Suddenly the car stopped again.

"A puncture?" mother said, and her eyes looked scared.

"Yes," father said, looking straight at her. "Yes, Queenie, a puncture."

He got out.

"Oh, let's not try," mother said. "Let's just drive into town and get it fixed there. This is awful. There isn't room, and people get killed every day trying to change tyres out on the main road."

"It would ruin the rim," father said. "We can't do that."

He went around and got the jack out of the boot. The cars kept whizzing past.

Mother said, "I've got to get out and do something or they'll run right into father. I wish we had a torch to wave. They won't see him, it's getting so dark. I know," she said. "Here," and she jerked the pillowcase off the pillow.

She got out and stood waving it when cars came, so they would see father working at the tyre. It started to rain again.

Every time father got the car jacked up, it slid sideways slowly off the jack and farther down the slanting road. It felt as if it might tip over. Tommy started to cry.

The rain was on mother's face and hair and she kept saying, "Please, please, let's just drive into town on the rim. What's a rim?"

And the cars kept whizzing past throwing mud up on her clothes and father didn't talk once. But finally he waded down into the mud and got some big stones and put them on the other side of the car to hold it, and at last he got it jacked up and the tyre changed.

Nobody talked when they got in again. Mother took off her jacket and hung it on the back of the seat to dry. She rubbed her hair with her scarf to get it dry. She shivered a little bit and put the blanket around her shoulders.

It got dark, and Paul and Tommy and Jean went to sleep. I was tired, too, but I couldn't go to sleep. The rain was pouring down now, and we had to go slow, and the windscreen wiper wasn't working very well.

I didn't know why things always turned out so awful for us. Poor father! He had tried so hard, getting us up early and getting breakfast for the queen. And now it was all spoiled.

THE rain came down harder and harder. It got so the wiper didn't work at all unless father kept turning the little knob off and on and off and on.

"I'm the kind of fellow," father said, and his voice sounded pretty sad, "that if I spent my whole life digging up gold out of a mine I'd found and I piled it up for someone I liked, to show them how much I loved them, it would instantly become a criminal offence for anyone to own any gold."

Mother turned and looked at him. I thought she wasn't even going to answer him.

But in a minute she said, "If you are speaking to me, I'll thank you to call me Queen. I was crowned only this morning."

"Crowned is right," father said and he took a big breath. "Stick around me and you'll get crowned regularly."

Mother laughed. "Did you ever hear the story about the little boy who put his mite on the altar and made the bells ring?" mother said. "The wealth of kingdoms had been put there, but the Lord didn't care for them. He liked the gift that was all the giver had."

"Yes," father said, "poor though it was."

"Maybe you don't get E for excellence," mother said, "but you get better than that. You get I for intentions."

And then father laughed. "O.K., Queenie," he said, and he pushed mother's hair into her face with his windscreen-wiper hand. Then he had to start quickly working it again. "O.K., O.K. Give me double I," he said. "Queenie, my intentions were super."

"Vassal," mother said, "I grant you double I."

And suddenly I felt so good and so sleepy I couldn't stay awake. I leaned back in the corner and didn't wake up till Aunt Anna was shaking me, saying, "We've got two drumsticks waiting for you."

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Hairdresser Gives Advice On Grey Hair

Tells About Grey Hair Remedy to Use at Home.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, which can be made up for you by any chemist at small cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound.** He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

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Interesting People

SIR NORMAN MARTIN
. . . ace salesman

VICTORIAN Agent-General in London for the past four years, Sir Norman Martin is back in Melbourne as State Director of Decentralised Industrial Development, a newly created job. Appointment covers keeping in touch with overseas industrialists and encouraging them to open factories in Victoria. His salesmanship induced 120 English companies to expand to Australia during his London term. A former State Minister for Agriculture, he now concentrates on his own dairy farming interests.

MRS. GENERAL ORSBORN
. . . Salvation Army

WORLD President of the Women's Home League of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, Mrs. Albert Orsborn arrives in Australia next month with her husband, General Orsborn, world head of the Salvation Army. Daughter of the late General Edward Higgins, Mrs. Orsborn has a wide experience of all Army work, including the training of women officers. She was for seven years leader of women's social work in Great Britain, and studied social problems.

DR. L. TAUMAN
. . . high Sorbonne degree

DEGREE rarely held by other than a Frenchman has been gained by Dr. L. Tauman, of Perth, who has taken his Docteur-es-Lettres at the Sorbonne, Paris. After a year's study leave in France he has returned to his work as lecturer-in-charge of the French Department at the University of Western Australia. Dr. Tauman has written a French biography and synthesis of the works of Marcel Proust, which has been published by the distinguished French publishing firm of Armand Colin.

Mrs. Trollope . . .

Continued from page 18

TO house these wares Frances Trollope had a monstrous building constructed, so jumbled, ornate, and *ludicrous* in its style that it became a noted landmark and was called "Trollope's Folly."

Poor Frances became seriously ill with malaria before the building was completed, and the scheme collapsed.

The 10,000 dollars worth of goods sent by Thomas from England, representing nearly the last of his capital, had to be sold for what they would bring to pay the workmen for building the bazaar that never opened.

Even the personal property of Fanny, Henry, Cecily, and Emily was seized and sold.

Fanny Trollope was so poor after this disaster that she had to sell her trinkets to buy shoes for her daughters, but Thomas, back in England, would not see that he must send money at least to bring his family home.

American conditions had affected Henry so badly that his health began to fail and at last, and at tremendous cost to her own happiness, Frances borrowed his fare and sent him back to England.

In all this time of stress she had one staunch friend.

A French artist, Auguste Hervieu, who, like Fanny, had thought the Nashoba colony offered a brave new world, stayed with her and her children through all their trials and lent them money.

Of all women Frances Trollope was the least likely to have an illicit love affair; but the constant companionship of Hervieu, coupled with her own surname, soon led the cruder Americans to use her name as an unpleasant epithet.

Fanny's friendship with Hervieu dated back to the days when she was the chatelaine of "Julians," noted for her hospitality. Hervieu had been left in financial difficulties after his father died. Fanny in her generous way soon got him commissions.

In America he repaid this kindness by financing Fanny and her daughters when their funds were completely exhausted.

As Fanny lay ill after the Cincinnati disaster she read again every novel by Walter Scott. At last she began to toy with the idea of writing a book herself.

So she started her "Domestic Manners," which Hervieu was to illustrate. It was the beginning of a return to prosperity for the Trollopes.

But real peace of mind and prosperity were still a long way from Fanny.

With Hervieu's help she and her girls returned to England in 1831, and the little farm at Harrow became a real home at last for her husband and Anthony, who had not even received a letter from his mother in all those years.

Thomas, by now, had become more difficult than ever, and was a victim to migraine headaches.

To keep him occupied Fanny encouraged him to write an Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica. Until he died he remained involved with this immense useless work—the last of his follies.

There was something very pathetic in this huge, unfinished literary work, and Fanny showed one of her cruel streaks in laughing about it with her children behind his back.

FURTHER interesting data on Frances Trollope can be found in "An Autobiography," by Anthony Trollope; "Trollope, a Commentary," by Michael Sadleir, and "The Trollopes," by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins.

No sooner did Fanny begin to earn money with her books than once again she gave free rein to her extravagance.

The family moved back from the poor little farmhouse to "Julian's Hill." Before long all the proceeds of Fanny's first book were spent and the publication of her second, "The Refugee in America," only staved off disaster for a little longer.

Soon creditors became too pressing and, with one of those swift characteristic actions, Fanny transported her whole household across the Channel to Ostend, and thence to Bruges.

Fanny had escaped her husband's creditors; but worse than any financial disaster was the tragedy of Henry's failing health.

Frances had hardly returned from Paris, where she went to recover from her grief over Henry's death, than she was at her husband's deathbed, weeping for the man she still loved, despite all the years of worry he had caused her.

With Emily's death a few months later, Fanny at last reached the end of her long series of dramatic and tragic crises.

Anthony says of his mother that it was during these terrible 18 months that she wrote her best novels, and that she came through her ordeal "unscathed in strength."

Now for 27 years she enjoyed a quiet prosperity and happiness.

She became an inveterate traveller, so much so that one author of the period wrote, "the most enterprising tourist—a very Trollope—would give up in despair."

She wrote about her travels, not so much now for money — writing had become a part of her life.

She had joined her lot with her specially loved eldest son, the quiet, steadfast Tom, and finally the two made their home at the Villino Trollope, in Florence.

Every now and then funds would be scarce, and Fanny would descend upon London with a manuscript to exchange for ready money, and to visit Anthony, now well established as a post office clerk, or Cecily, happily married.

For a long time Fanny's children had given her the loving nickname of "Old Madame Vinegar." It originated when a critic had commented on her work as vinegary.

To the end of her life she retained her satirical tongue and her impatience with those who bored her.

On one occasion when out walking she had fallen some distance behind the others and was talking with a young visitor. Suddenly this visitor came running to her son-in-law, John Tilley, begging him to come quickly, as Mrs. Trollope had collapsed into a ditch at the roadside. When John reached her she peeped through her fingers at him, and then, showing herself quite unhurt, said: "Oh, my dear John, that man did bore me so."

Although the New Monthly Magazine wrote in 1839, "No other author of the present day has been at once so much read, so much admired, and so much abused," when she died in Florence in 1863, seven years after the appearance of her last book, she had been so much forgotten by the general reading public that newspapers gave her scant memorial notices.

But the exquisite pleasure that Anthony Trollope's novels have given to millions of people will remain an undying memorial to the mother whose own writing made possible these greater works.

That little world we call home revolves around the light of the home . . . Mother. Everything depends upon Mother, so, whether she is your mother or your wife and the mother of your children, show your love and appreciation by giving her something on which she can always depend . . . something that will gladden her heart not only on Mother's Day . . . her day . . . but every day for years to come . . . give her a JEWELEX—the watch individually fashioned by Swiss masters. Every model is fitted with a 15-jewelled lever movement—built for a lifetime of service.

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It has been discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of clinical records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

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Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now!

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment **Cystex** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Yacht Club Murder

Continued from page 5

KILEY looked straight at O'Malley.

"I didn't mean that I'd kill him," he said.

"Then what were you doing out in that rubber boat until after midnight?"

"I was glad to be home. The shore and the lights—it looked kind of beautiful to a fellow who had been away."

"Was they still beautiful when you had that dead man in the rubber boat with you?"

"I was alone in the boat."

"Okay, okay. You're in love with Miss Burden?"

"That's what I didn't want to be questioned about. It's no business of yours."

"Sure it's my business. She talked about it enough. She was in love with somebody else, and was going to get married to him, and you knocked the guy off. What happened to your leg?"

"I had a fall."

"You fall from high up?"

The boy grinned. "From pretty high up."

"You hit something?"

"I hit Asia. That was good enough for me. I'm not much of a swimmer."

"Yeah? It gave you a limp. Would that be all right with Miss Burden? She was going to marry a man who didn't have a limp. He was handsome and rich. Well, you stopped her from that. What do you think she thinks about it?"

"I'll get over the limp."

"You don't want to tell me how you murdered Gailor?"

"How can I? I didn't do it."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had left him, "it's completely understandable, but it's a great pity. He's a nice boy. There's nothing revengeful about him, but he had a right to feel bitter.

"He experienced hardship and injury. He came back here, and a man who had grown rich out of world conditions which had brought him only hurt had taken his girl. Of course, what he felt does not excuse murder."

"Don't feel too bad about it," O'Malley said. "He didn't kill anybody. We'll go see that Miss Burden."

She lived on the East Side in a narrow-front house on a good street. Whoever lived in that house would be well off, but not rich. A neat maid let us in and Miss Burden came down to us.

"I got a couple of questions," O'Malley informed her. "Did you any time this last week-end go to the yacht club?"

"No. I was visiting some friends."

"Your father went out though."

"Yes, he went out on Sunday."

"He have any particular reason?"

She thought for a moment. "Do you think a person ought to tell policemen everything?" she asked.

"It helps a lot, lady."

"I think I know why he went there. He hadn't intended to. I think he heard Jim Kiley was there, and he was afraid there might be trouble between him and Henry Gailor, and he went to warn Henry."

"You in love with Kiley?"

She looked at us a long time. "Yes," she said finally.

"How come, then, you got engaged to that Gailor?"

"Well, I wrote and wrote and wrote Jim letters, but I didn't get any answers. When I did get a few letters, he didn't say that he loved me. Everybody said when a soldier got in a new country he began to look for a new girl. I thought it would serve Jim right if when he got home he found I was engaged to somebody else."

"Would you have married Gailor?"

"I might. If Jim didn't want me, I didn't care what became of me."

"He wants you, all right," O'Malley said gloomily. "He's so busy thinking about you he can't bother to defend himself against a murder charge. Well, this kind of business won't solve any murders."

The maid let us out.

"That guy Burden," O'Malley informed me, "didn't go to the yacht club on Sunday, the way he tells everybody. He went there Saturday night. He slept on his boat. Before he slept he went on to Gailor's yacht. We got a witness who saw him. It isn't the same witness who saw Kiley, so we don't know which one was there last."

I wondered. "Why does he lie about it?"

"It might be he thinks it wouldn't look good for Kiley if people knew he went to warn Gailor about him. Or it might be he went there about something else. Burden owes Gailor sixty thousand dollars."

I was startled. "For what?"

"Burden got caught in the market and Gailor helped him out. It could be the reason Miss Burden didn't break her engagement to Gailor. He was the sort of fellow that would tell her about it. And it might be why Burden couldn't object to the engagement. Well, a cop leads a hard life."

He phoned me next day. "You want to have dinner at that yacht club? I got it fixed up."

I met him that evening.

"You know something," he remarked, while we were on our way out. "On Sunday evening, before anybody but the man that killed him knew Gailor was dead, his apartment was searched. Whoever got in there didn't take anything. He didn't break in. Gailor's man thinks maybe he might have left the front door unlatched.

"Next night his office was searched. Nothing's missing there, either. His girl locked the door when she got through work, but cleaners came in there."

O'MALLEY went on: "It isn't much of an office. The way he done business was at wherever he was—in clubs or in restaurants or maybe on yachts. He and some guy would hang on a bar and make a deal for a half million."

O'Malley thought of something.

"The diver found the hammer that Gailor got killed with. It was on the bottom of the harbor. They know it's the right one because it fits the holes in Gailor's head. It belonged on Gailor's yacht."

We arrived at the yacht club. We were quite a party. Burden was there. Kiley was there, too, with two plain-clothes men who were obviously in charge of him.

After dinner, the club launch took us out to Gailor's yacht. We just sat there and smoked. We didn't talk much. Curlin saw us from his boat and came over to speak to us.

"Something happening?" he asked.

"Something might," O'Malley told him.

"You mind if I watch?"

He clambered on board with us. It was all rather boring. It slowly got dark. Lights came out on the moored boats, and people in row-boats or brought by the club launch paid visits to one another. There was drinking and singing. It got to be midnight, and the lights were put out. Then it was two o'clock, and there was only the starlight.

I was almost asleep when I heard someone swimming. He was cautious, and almost noiseless as he climbed up the mooring line, crawled aft along the deck, and dropped into the cockpit.

Acting as though we were not there, he went down into the cabin and we followed behind him, seeing him now in the light of a tiny flashlight he switched on as he entered the forward cabin.

Please turn to page 26

HERCO *the all purpose* LOTION

for the husband

Yes, Herco lotion is fast becoming a favorite with the male, too. Herco is rich in lanolin and olive oil, which soften the toughest beard and give the smoothest shave.

Try the Herco Shave routine—a generous smear of Herco rubbed well into the beard, apply your usual shave cream, lather, shave and massage the face well again. It leaves even the tenderest skin smooth, refreshed and cool. Razor chafe and rough skin are things of the past to the Herco user, and you find no 5 o'clock shadow either. From all stores.

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HAZEL

"Put it in the attic, he says! And what'll I do with the National Geographics?"

BUTCH

"The man who stole those jewels was obviously brilliant, a man who thought out every move. Now I ask you to look closely at the defendant."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

THERE'S a familiar line of dialogue in American films where the hero takes a deep breath, looks at the heroine and says, "Gahsh, you're beautiful."

I heard just the same note of reverence in the voice of a 13-year-old boy the other week. He was speaking of a diamond snake. I met him at an exhibition held by the Aquarium Society of N.S.W.

I'd gone to the exhibition because, as any regular reader would know, I have a passion for marine life. But though lost in admiration of the goldfish, and the octopus from Taronga Park Zoo, I was lured to the reptile section by the enthusiasm of a 14-year-old exhibitor, Robert McCain, his small brother, and young Robert Westbrook — the diamond snake's admirer.

Secretary of the society, Mr. P. Jensen, prefers fish to reptiles, but as he remarked, "It wouldn't do for people to be all the same."

Young Robert McCain was exhibiting axolotls (Mexican walking fish) and an assortment of reptiles, among them a rather endearing family of blue-tongue lizards, father, mother, and four offspring.

One of the boys remarked, with an air of slight surprise, that he knew "a lady who didn't like snakes, even on the pictures," and I'm a little inclined to be on her side.

Fish, I think, are rather more pleasing in design and decorative, though I guess that if it's affection you want from pets there is little to choose between a goldfish and a carpet snake.

* * *

THERE'S considerable dissatisfaction in England about the fact that cash awards to lifeboatmen for gallantry are to be taxed.

An official said: "These men save 600 lives a year and risk their own."

True, and it's not only unfair to the men.

Think how irritating if one were going down for the third time to be told, "I'm sorry, old thing, but I can't afford to get into a higher tax bracket."

* * *

MOST people when they hear about flying saucers or midgets from Mars
React with nods, winks, and heavily scornful ha-has,
But the longer I live the less certain I feel about anything on sea, sky, or land,
Having grown up in an age of wonders very few of which I understand,
(And that goes for electricity, radio, atomic energy, and proportional voting,
All of which have been explained to me countless times but my eyes glaze while my head in the clouds goes floating),
And it would stretch my credence only a little bit farther to discover
That men from Mars were snooping round looking us over,
Too often have I been caught by saying "Rubbish," "Nonsense," or "What rot!"
So now, when confronted by a strange thought, I say "Maybe and maybe not."
Which gives me a reputation among some friends for being broadminded,
Tolerant, easy-going, and by prejudice unblinded;
Though sometimes in the dark watches of the night I suspect there are some who think it would be nice if
I were not so shilly-shallying, vacillating, vague, and indecisive.

A SUGGESTION was made recently that while ex-servicemen wanted homes migrants should be compelled to remain in their sponsors' homes for two years.

But the Minister for Immigration (Mr. Holt) said that the Federal Government would take no action to prevent migrants from leaving sponsors' homes if they were dissatisfied with the accommodation provided.

Many migrants and sponsors, present or prospective, will heave sighs of relief at that decision.

It is an unfortunate thing in some ways, fortunate in others, that the impulsive good nature and optimism of many people exceed their imagination.

They contract to have migrants as long-term boarders, or, if they're migrants, they arrange to stay with friends, without realising that an arrangement which would work for a week will become unendurable in months.

Sometimes both parties, who began in an atmosphere of happy goodwill, end up positively detesting one another over trifles. Maybe children are noisy. Maybe the wives have to share a kitchen, notoriously difficult.

To make the arrangement compulsory over a long term would not only be most unkind to both migrants and sponsors, it would probably wreck the sponsorship scheme.

* * *

PRESIDENT Truman wouldn't play recently when members of the New York Post of the American Legion (the ex-servicemen's association) wanted to arrange a phone call between him and Stalin.

Obviously impossible, of course. Quite apart from any other difficulties, who would come on the line first?

* * *

"I'M always suspicious of men whose names begin with Percy, Reginald, and so on," said Mr. J. M. Mullens, member for Gellibrand, Victoria, in the House of Representatives recently.

Beware, oh parents prospective,
Ere you christen your infant son;
Be sure that you've thoroughly checked if
The name is a suitable one.

Remember that Percy and Reggie,
Bestowed by their parents of yore,
To-day make a democrat edgy,
A trend that you cannot ignore.

Though these may be out of the fashion,
Such pitfalls of choice still exist;
The teeth of your son may be gnashin'
If his moniker's laughed at or hissed.

Consider the workings of time on
The popular names of to-day,
Ere Christopher, Jeremy, Simon
In Parliament have their say.

So think a while, cautiously tarry;
Play safer with James or John,
George, William, and Tom, Dick, and Harry,
If you want your small boy to get on.

WEAR

Evening in Paris

FOR HIM TONIGHT . . .

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DR MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS

THE "Overnight laxative"
WITH THE TONIC ACTION

Yacht Club Murder

Continued from page 24

HE wasn't anybody I had ever seen before and I decided he was a cop. But the hair pricked on my neck, and my scalp tightened as I saw him kneeling in front of one of the bunks and dragging a body out from the locker under it.

He worked swiftly by the glow of his tiny light, cutting the labels from the clothes, then taking the things from the pockets and putting them into a drawer of a small chest.

Somehow it did not relieve the tension, as he came aft again, half-carrying, half-dragging the body, to realise that it was only a tailor's dummy he held.

We followed him silently up the steps to the cockpit, where he stood noiselessly lowering the body into the water. He followed it silently over the boat's rail. Then, towing the body and swimming strongly with hardly a ripple, he moved out toward the sound and was lost in the starlight.

"Well," Burden remarked, "we seem to have witnessed a drama, but I don't know what it's about."

Curlin yawned. He took a cigarette package from his pocket, put the one remaining cigarette into his mouth, crumpled the empty wrapping, and tossed it out into the water. And O'Malley went after it, headfirst, over the boat's rail into the ocean.

. . . . . .

"What I don't understand," I said to O'Malley the next day at police headquarters, "is how you knew Gailor's keys were in the cigarette package."

"I didn't. Say, you rumple one of those packages up and throw it in the water and it'll float for weeks. As soon as that one hit the water it started to sink. There was just light enough to see it. Of course, all along I'd been wondering about those keys."

"Well, all right," I said grudgingly. "But it still isn't clear to me why Curlin killed Gailor."

"Say," he declared, "a cop shouldn't be asked to explain business troubles. This Curlin is a building contractor. He took a big contract. Well, labor and material costs went up on him, and he was going to lose everything he had.

"So he went to Gailor, and Gailor loaned him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, secured by three notes. This was before Gailor got engaged to Miss Burden, and the story is that at that time Gailor had an eye on Mrs. Curlin."

O'Malley paused. "However that was, Gailor was a businessman, and he wouldn't take Curlin's notes without he had a co-signer. Curlin brought him three notes for fifty thousand dollars, each signed by himself and co-signed by Mrs. Curlin's old friend, Judge Gillespie."

"So what?" I objected.

"Why, Judge Gillespie hadn't ever seen these notes. I figure Curlin wouldn't have forged the judge's name if it hadn't been for his wife. He knew the judge wouldn't go on any notes with him, and he is crazy in love with his wife, and he wasn't willing that she should go down and be poor with him.

"Even Curlin don't know how Gailor come to suspect there was something wrong with the notes. Of course, Curlin denied it to Gailor. He told Gailor the judge was going to be his guest over the club race week, and bring the notes to the yacht club, and the judge would tell him they were okay."

"I see."

"Sure. Curlin says he didn't plan murder. He was a guy in trouble doing every day the thing that seemed best. Well, Saturday night he went on Gailor's boat and found him alone there. Then murder occurred to him.

"Then he asked to borrow a hammer. Then he knocked Gailor off. It never occurred to him that Gailor would not have all the notes, but when he searched the dead man he found only one of them. I don't figure Gailor was suspicious. He was just cautious. Why carry three notes when one would be enough?"

"Of course," I put in.

"Yeah. Well, Curlin had to have those other two notes. He took Gailor's keys. Sunday night he searched Gailor's apartment, and on Monday his office. He didn't find anything. He did find, from some papers in Gailor's office, where Gailor had a safe-deposit box, and he forged an order with Gailor's name to let him into the box."

I whistled in reply.

"Nobody knew yet that Gailor was dead," O'Malley explained, "but the deposit company wasn't taking any chances. It called Gailor's office. When the girl there didn't know anything about the order, they wouldn't let Curlin open the box."

"Listen, O'Malley," I said heatedly, "you couldn't possibly have figured out any of this."

"Oh, give me some credit. There wasn't a fight in Gailor's cabin. That meant Gailor wasn't expecting trouble from whoever went there. The man could stand there, holding a hammer, without Gailor getting nervous. That pretty near let Kiley out of the picture."

"I see."

"Okay. Cops that searched Gailor's yacht couldn't find any keys. They had to break open the lockers. Gailor's body didn't have any keys. Somebody could get into Gailor's apartment when his man was away and into his office that his girl had locked up. That meant he had keys."

O'MALLEY counted them up. "It could have been Kiley, but he hadn't a reason. It wasn't Burden; we found out where he was when those places were entered. It was somebody at the yacht club who had a connection with Gailor. Well, Gailor's girl in his office knew Curlin did business with him. Then we got a description of the man who went to the safe-deposit company, and the description fitted Curlin."

"He was foolish," I commented.

"You mean he was desperate," O'Malley said grimly. "He had to have those notes, because they pointed to him for murder. It's an old police trick to do a crime over in the presence of a suspect. I figured Curlin would come to see what was doing.

"He'd held on to those keys because he still had a wild hope he might get the notes with 'em, but he was carrying 'em so he could get rid of 'em without anybody knowing. When he saw that swimmer come from his boat to Gailor's, he know he'd be searched."

"Very interesting," I stated.

"Why, routine," O'Malley smirked. "A guy like that Curlin, that isn't used to crime, breaks down if he thinks you've got him. Curlin did that, he told us about it. He had a time with the body.

"He was afraid to take it out in the sound with a weight in a boat, because somebody might be awake on the yachts, and most yachts have searchlights. The tide was running out of the sound into the East River, and he knew that bodies that get into the river isn't found sometimes for months. It was his bad luck that Gailor got found in three days.

"So that's that," O'Malley concluded. "Well, I got a dinner date with a lady."

The lady was Miss Burden. Kiley was with her.

"They owe you gratitude," I suggested.

"Yeah? I feel like I was some kind of marriage broker. If this keeps up I might turn into one of them radio-patrol-car cops that can't get some lady to the hospital in time and gets there with a lady and a baby."

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WORTH Reporting

IN twenty-four years of running a travelling library throughout the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney, Mr. Roxton ("Rocks") Metcalfe has learnt a lot about the reading public.

Women, he says, often don't like to read a book if they know that its author is a woman. On the other hand, men are well represented among the readers of such popular women writers as Frances Parkinson Keyes, Daphne du Maurier, and Taylor Caldwell.

Mr. Metcalfe originally started his library as a means of tiding him over the depression years, but it became such a thriving and pleasant business that he has never gone back to his profession as a surveyor.

The library was born out of a smoko held by the Coogee Surf Life Saving Club, when 33 of the 60 men present agreed to become subscribers.

With these 33 clients, a motorbike and sidecar, and 99 books Mr. Metcalfe began. Now he uses a car to make his rounds, has 500 clients, and a library of 12,000 books. But he still remembers his first subscribers, the Surf Club boys, and takes a selection of books down to the Club every Sunday morning.

Mr. Metcalfe said that since he started his library he has added several books to it each week. To keep up with all tastes he usually buys at least two fairly serious books, four light romances, two mysteries, and two westerns.

He calls on most of his clients weekly, and carries about 500 books with him each day. "Fashions in literature haven't changed much over the years," he said. "I still get people asking for books I have had since I started.

"I have noticed that some of my clients improve in their choice of literature as the years go by. But they still read largely for relaxation."

Crochet book issued by husband and wife

A WOMAN who, in a childhood accident, lost the fingers of her left hand and a man who had to learn the basic stitches of crochet to make up the garments for which instructions are given have between them brought out a book on crochet.

They are the young and enterprising Mark Gadeans, of Perth. Mrs. Gadean says that though she has invented all her own crochet patterns for years, she wanted to make sure that her instructions were clear to a beginner, and so persuaded her husband to work with her.

If he bogged down in the instructions, Val Gadean rewrote them in simpler language. If this book is a success its authors intend to bring out another, featuring more fancy patterns.

Mrs. Gadean says she finds crochet easier than knitting, though she can manage the latter by tucking the left needle under her arm.

"But with all this training I don't have time to find a husband."

"LEWIS CARROLL, Photographer" is a new book that's having a tremendous sale in London. It is written by photographic expert Helmut Gernsheim and contains 64 photographs taken by Lewis Carroll. Few people know that the author of "Alice in Wonderland" was an expert photographer as well as being a great mathematician.

On one famous occasion Queen Victoria asked Lewis Carroll for a copy of his next book. A few months later she was startled to receive a handsomely bound mathematical treatise.

Three generations had same butcher

THERE'S something about life in a big market that gets the vendors in—for life. Or so says Charlie Watson, who has been for more than 30 years a butcher in the Victoria Market, Melbourne.

Two years ago doctors told Charlie he must retire. "But I came back," he says. "What was the good of sitting around doing nothing? Haven't known anyone to retire in the 30 years I've been here. We're carried out feet foremost."

Hard work is the breath of life to the market vendor. Many of the old hands talk with contempt of the 40-hour week and describe long working days which began at three in the morning and ended at six the same evening.

Lack of sleep is just "something you never think about," according to Charlie, who averaged something like four hours in the 24 for more than a quarter of a century.

He has served many of his customers, who are now grandmothers, since they were young brides, and remembers the days when horse-drawn waggons from Newmarket meandered through the market aisles.

A great team spirit exists, he says, in the Victoria Market. Despite the fact that all are in competition with one another, one butcher has only to be short of an hand or on the sick list and all the others will rally round to help.

Of the modern young housewife he says: "She's just as smart and keen—maybe more so—as her mother before her. She doesn't buy in such large quantities, but she knows what she wants."

Asked whether the modern animals still grew brains and livers Mr. Watson explained that these valuables are often exported to better markets than the home - consumption ones, and threw in for good measure the mournful comment, "There just isn't any cheap meat now. No such thing."

A travel club for business girls

LAUNCHING a travel club for business girls is the latest venture for versatile Helen June Head, a 27-year-old Melbourne girl who operates a successful one-woman business.

After working during the war with the Army Inventions Division and the Navy Department, Miss Head decided that she couldn't go back to a humdrum job.

For more than three successful years this tall, dark girl has run a secretarial bureau. When she can find time she writes plays and radio scripts. Two of her plays have been produced by the National Theatre.

Now she is busy forming the Travel Club for Business Girls, which has as its objective the fostering of friendships between business women all over the world on a "help and be helped" basis.

"Lots of girls want to travel overseas," says Helen, "but feel they can't do so within their means. The idea is to save up your fare and a bit over; then contacts previously made in other countries would enable the traveller to get a job and make friends overseas.

"We plan to publish a journal every three months showing interesting facts about currency, fares, employment prospects and accommodation problems, and the journal will also run competitions with money prizes, which we trust winners to put towards their trip.

"Funds for helping travellers and publishing the journal will be raised by a club-joining fee of 10/-, with an annual subscription of £1."

The club will begin in a small way by fostering interstate trips, but it hopes to expand eventually to include almost any country in the world.

Already Helen has friends in Canada, America, England, and France who are co-operating in the scheme and forming their own branches in those countries.

* * *

A FIRM of Sydney photographers have evolved what seems an inspired method of beating current high prices. They do only color work, and in the photographs will make a plain frock floral, add stripes or spots, and even give the sitter the benefit of a blue or henna rinse without her having to pay for it. Male sitters can have their wishes similarly fulfilled at no extra charge, besides being provided with a liberal application of the firm's specialty, "Honolulu Suntan."

Detective mounted trusty tricycle

THERE'S at least one little boy who'll now be allowed to listen to radio detective serials as much as he wants to. He's five-year-old Kenneth Wyatt, of Chelsea, London, who helped police solve a £2000 post office robbery.

Kenneth noticed a motor van without licence plates parked in an unfrequented side street. He immediately told a policeman, who found that the van was a stolen one that had been used in the post office raid.

"I knew the van oughtn't to be there," said Kenneth. "So I dashed off on my tricycle to tell a policeman."

Everyone seems to agree that it was listening to detective serials that gave Kenneth his "training."

* * *

PROBABLY no librettists have ever got their names on the cover of a popular song with as little trouble as two Americans, Funk and Wagnalls. They are compilers of the Students' Standard Dictionary, and their definition of love was used as the lyric for the new song-hit, "Love in the Dictionary."

"Give me a break, officer. I've had enough trouble for one day."

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Helps remove so many faults from the skin; so many signs of age

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Special clothes for Australian tour

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FUR-FABRIC jacket designed by Bickler's is suitable for travel or for evening occasions.

BROCADE GOWN designed by Ian Meredith has a strapless top featuring pouched, pointed line.

UNCRUSHABLE and easy to pack, this nylon crinkle taffeta frock is by Michael Sherard.

LUGGAGE includes make-up kit, overnight bag. Clothes were designed with an eye to weight.

COTTON FROCK from Horrockses is a simple, easy style. Luggage includes three day frocks.

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You can massage your gums while you clean your teeth . . . better than ever before!

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The new Improved Wisdom Toothbrush is made with Round-Ended Nylon Bristles—**so** smooth, **so** stimulating, **so** vigorous in action. The smooth, round tip of each strand gently slides over the tenderest gums — penetrating between teeth . . . stimulating nerves and blood vessels . . . toning up tissue . . . promoting perfect oral health. **Now** you can **effectively** massage your gums while you clean your teeth. For brighter, smoother, glistening, white teeth—firmly held in rosy pink, healthy gums—start using the **Improved** Wisdom Toothbrush. Get one without delay for **each** member of the family.

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Mum checks underarm perspiration odour all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odour after your bath.

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For sanitary napkins—Mum *is gentle, safe, sure . . . dependable for this important use, too.*

keeps you nice to be near

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 7

AGAIN thankful to speak with perfect truth, Cordelia said, "That is why I wanted a man's advice about my money. I thought perhaps Mr. Sandys-Brown . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"He may be back before you go," said Aunt Harriet. "He's left most of his luggage behind and will have to collect it. But if he isn't I'll give you the address of my broker."

"Do you think Miss Sandys-Brown knows where her brother is?" said Cordelia.

"If she does, she hasn't said so," replied Aunt Harriet, "but she never tells me anything, she's like a . . . Like a . . ."

"An oyster?" said Cordelia, as the old lady groped for the word to finish her simile.

"No, no, they make pearls!" replied Aunt Harriet. "Evelyn's no pearl maker . . . no, no, that other shell fish, you must know what I mea . . . Oh, well it will probably come to me in the middle of the night when I've forgotten why I ever wanted to think of shell fish.

"Well, my dear, I'm delighted for your sake that you've come into money," she went on, "but I'm sorry, I must say, on my own account. I had fully intended to batten on your good nature and your excellent cooking for the rest of my life. But now you'll find more amusing things to do than trail after a domineering old woman."

"Not more amusing, I'm sure," said Cordelia sincerely, "and I'm grateful to you for wanting me."

The next moment a sudden idea chilled her. Would Aunt Harriet want to go on knowing her when she knew what she had done to Simon?

"Clam," said Aunt Harriet suddenly. "I knew I'd find you out if I let you alone."

It was of course the missing word for which she had been searching, but for a startled moment Cordelia thought Aunt Harriet was referring to herself and her most guilty secret.

"Yes . . . yes . . . of course . . . clam!" she said smiling nervously, and hastened away before Aunt Harriet's probing glance could settle on her sudden discomfiture.

After lunch, she set about cleaning her room, sweeping, scouring, and polishing until, except for her few possessions, it became as coldly impersonal as a hotel room.

She had meant to visit Mrs. Dove when her work was done; but she felt so weary and spiritless by the end of the evening that any human contact seemed beyond her power, and instead she made her way down to the river in search of fresh air to drive away her dreariness. Her body felt heavy and without life as she strolled languidly down the hill.

Simon was gone and she could not find him. She was a drab woman on the verge of middle age walking without meaning down a lonely slope to old age, as she was walking without meaning down the hill to the river bank.

You must make yourself necessary, she reproved herself sternly. You've done it before when it was a matter of keeping your body alive, you must do it again in order to nourish your spirit. That was what she really needed, she thought, what she had always needed, strength of the spirit. She had let life happen to her.

The only way of true living was to be so strong in oneself that life became a tool and not a weapon used against one. I've been all wrong, she decided miserably, and I have no excuse, because my father told me all this long ago. But I only listened with my ears and not my understanding.

A dark figure sat hunched on the stile into Seven Acre field. Could it be Simon? She hastened her steps, light-footed with hope, but it was not Simon she saw as she drew closer. It was Joe Cobden. He did not move as she came up to him.

"Good evening," she said.

He continued to sit there, barring the way without speaking.

"I was trying to find some fresh air," she said nervously. "It's been such a sultry day."

"Look," he said suddenly, "if I were to ask you to marry me—not that I am—but if I should, what would you say?"

"No, thank you," replied Cordelia without hesitation.

"You would!" cried Joe, and his voice held none of the disappointment of a rejected suitor.

"I should," replied Cordelia.

Still Joe's response was unexpected. He received this assurance with a distinct chuckle.

Please turn to page 32

RIVETS

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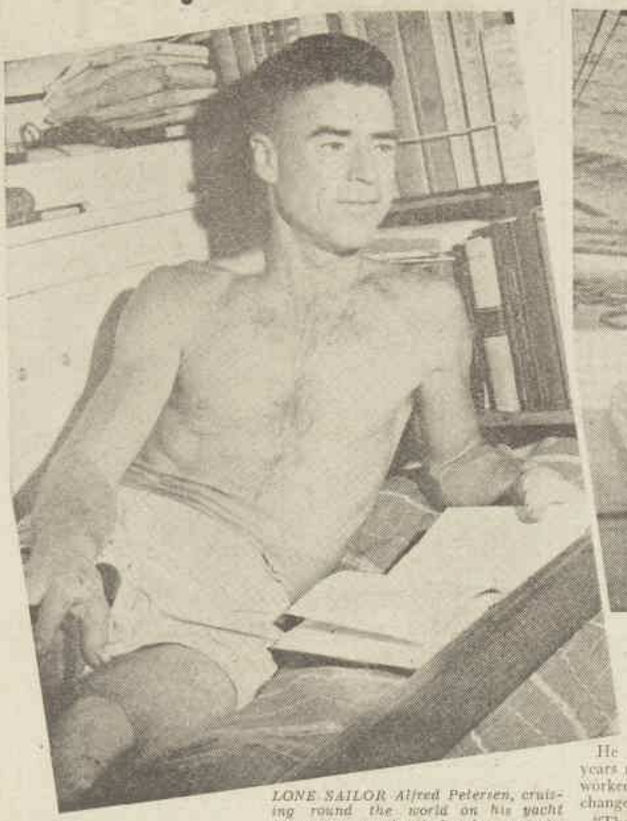
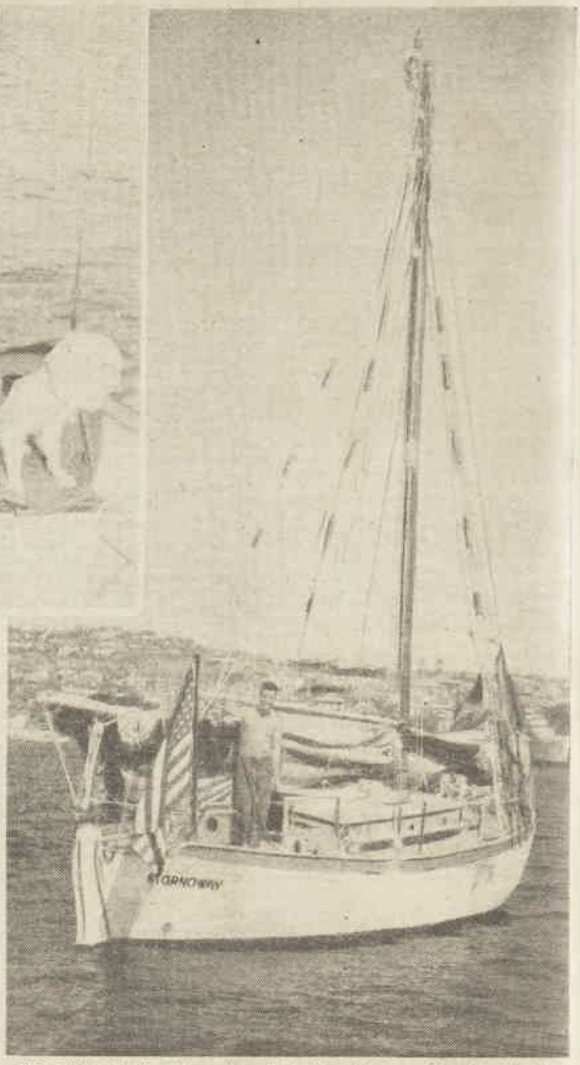
Lone yachtsman's best friends are the stars



LONE SAILOR Alfred Petersen, cruising round the world on his yacht Stornoway, constantly brushes up technical and sailing knowledge.

PRETTY GIRL he left behind is Marjorie Betts, New York secretary, who likes sailing in the bay but not on the open sea.



STORNOWAY, the 33ft. cutter which Alfred Petersen bought with his hard-earned savings for a three-year cruise round the world. He is sailing her single-handed.

Likes his own company, but wants to be a social success at home

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Although he was reared in the heart of Brooklyn, New York, bachelor Alfred Petersen is "such an uncomfortable sorta guy with people" that he has chosen to sail round the world alone.

As a lone yachtsman he meets a lot of people in the ports he touches. He declares this is making him more used to meeting people but, none the less, the stars are the best friends he has made so far on the trip.

"THEY'RE out there shining every night, giving me my star sights for sailing, and if they do disappear, occasionally, for a night or two, it's just to make me appreciate what good friends they are most of the time," he said.

In his 33ft. cutter, Stornoway, he sailed into Sydney Harbor one evening, and will spend a month there, before leaving for points north.

He left Florida, U.S.A., and his girl-friend, Marjorie Betts, in April of last year, and he expects to see both again early in 1952.

He is sure that Marjorie, a New York secretary, will be waiting for him, but if she should marry someone else in the meantime he will "just take off again on his own."

Alfred is the only child of Danish parents, both of whom are dead. He is a phlegmatic man of 38, with a weatherbeaten face, and freckles showing through the tan on his shoulders, back, and arms.

He was wearing a pair of washed-out twill shorts, when photographer Ron Berg and I visited him on the Stornoway.

His bare feet and hands were plentifully marked with old and new cuts and abrasions.

If the stars are Alfred's best friends, the Stornoway is his family. Throughout my conversation with him he referred to himself and his ship as "we."

He thinks that most people would find sailing round the world alone a "pretty lonesome business," but describes himself as "a fellow that wants to be alone and likes to be alone."

"Also, a journey like this is a sort of challenge and I want to see if I can do it," he told me.

"When I've been at sea a few weeks I sometimes get a bit of a yen for companionship, and I occasionally get a bit nervous at night if I'm not sure of my position, but know that I'm near islands, or reefs, or a shore."

Alfred is a keen follower of the famous Brooklyn Dodgers, and plays a little baseball himself, but sailing is practically the beginning and end of his existence.

He decided 10 years ago to make this round-the-world trip.

From early youth he had spent most of his spare time from his job as a fitter and turner, sailing in Long Island Sound, Sheepshead Bay, near Brooklyn, and in New England waters.

"I read everything I can about sailing," he said.

"Books about cruises in small craft took my fancy, so I started to save hard and learn all I could to prepare myself for a lone world trip."

He bought the Stornoway two years ago, left his employment, and worked full-time to fit her out and change the rig.

"That took me just about a year, and in June, 1948, I sailed her down along the Atlantic seaboard, by way of the inland waterway, to Miami, Florida," he said.

Girl-friend Marjorie is a fellow-member of the Sheepshead Bay Yacht Club, but restricts her enthusiasm to cruising and racing in the Bay.

"She's not keen on world cruising and didn't much care for the idea of my going off this way, but now that I'm started she's reconciled to it," Alfred confided.

"I don't think she'll ever tour with me because she likes lots of people round, and just makes me go to parties with her."

Alfred's first stop after leaving Florida was at Kingston, Jamaica, and then he visited Panama, the Galapagos Islands, the Marquesas, the Island of Ahe, Tahiti, Rarotonga, and New Zealand.

He stayed three months in Auckland because he liked it and also had a great deal of work to do on the Stornoway.

Good weather

HE had good weather most of the way and struck "medium bad weather" twice. The Stornoway is fitted with a two-cylinder engine, but as he can only carry enough petrol to feed the engine for 20 hours he uses it only when entering and leaving harbors.

"We go along under sail, and if becalmed for a few days I do whatever little repairs need doing, and sit down and wait for a good wind," he said.

He has a two-burner primus stove and a little coal and wood stove, but the primus gets the most use. He carries tinned meat, vegetables, fruit, and powdered milk, with the name of the contents of each tin printed indelibly on the tin because labels don't last very long at sea.

Alfred said he eats regularly, but if the weather is bad he has to "catch a snack" when he can. He rarely tries to catch fish.

"Sometimes when I'm near shore I do a bit of fishing, but never in the open sea," he said. "Fish that go for bait don't seem to be out at sea."

Alfred's travelling wardrobe is a small one. He has a suit for "going ashore," but otherwise lives in old shorts, drills, and sweaters.

"Whenever I strike a really nice day I give my suit a good airing, because it begins to mildew mighty quickly," he told me.

There's always a batch of mail waiting for him when he touches at a port, as his friends know his well-planned itinerary, but he missed out on a "deal of mail" which should have been waiting for him in Tahiti but didn't catch up with him until he was in New Zealand.

Marjorie, whom he describes as a "very bright girl who makes up for my shyness," has a long letter waiting for him at each port.

The cabin of the Stornoway, when I saw it, was as neat as a well-kept cottage. Everything was in its place, the bunk was well made, with a striped quilt, and two rows of books were neatly stacked on shelves at the head of the bunk.

Alfred is not interested in fiction. His books all deal with sailing.

He has a battery wireless receiving set, but uses it only to get time signals. He is sometimes a month at sea and the battery has to be used sparingly.

When he leaves Sydney he will visit several ports on the north coast of Australia, and will call at New Guinea before sailing westward to Indonesia, then across the Indian Ocean to the Cape.

He has no idea of his average expenses, because for long stretches he will spend nothing at all, while in some ports he has to spend a lot on repairs and food supplies.

"Funds are getting low, but I'm not desperate yet," he told me. "When I do run out I guess I'll have to work in different ports, so I'd better be careful I visit some place where I'm allowed to work."

Alfred is beginning to feel that by the time he gets back to America he will be a poised social asset at the parties Marjorie takes him to.

"I'm meeting a lot more people going round like this than I ever met at home, and I'm getting used to them," he said.

"Of course, most of them are sailing enthusiasts, who speak the same language, but I guess by the time I get back I'll have a conversational lead or two to bring out at parties.

"In addition, I'll have seen the world."

While I talked with Alfred an R.A.N. submarine moored nearby signalled him.

"The Navy's always shooting blinkers at me, but I just ignore it until the boys catch on I don't know what they're shooting," he told me.

A yell through the cupped hands of a rating finally informed Alfred that he was invited on board for lunch, which brought the comment, "I'd better get me a shirt on for those boys. They only came into the Harbor an hour back and it's mighty nice of them to want to feed me."

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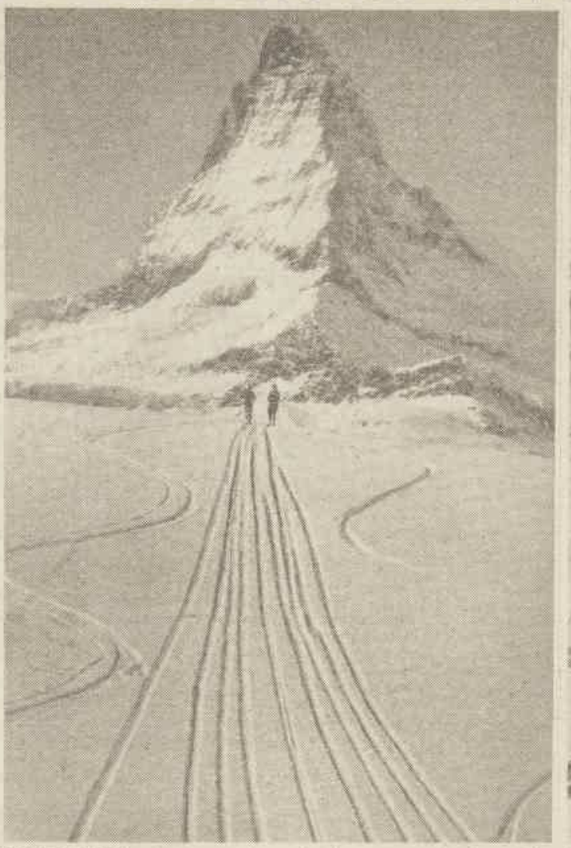
AUSTRALIANS ENJOY TOUR OF SWISS ALPS

SNOWY SLOPES provide plenty of thrills for skiers at Zermatt. Here the Hon. Robin Kenworthy, daughter of Lord Strabolgi, and Miss Elizabeth Jolly, of Adelaide, set out on skis.



SKI TRACKS in the snow make a pleasing pattern, dominated by towering peak of the Matterhorn, which seems to issue mysterious never-ending challenge to the skill of mountaineers of all nations.

PRACTICE RUN. Rosemary Byers, of Sydney, sets off on a ski run at picturesque Zermatt.

ENJOYING ski-ing holiday, Mrs. Dermot Casey, of Melbourne, her son Gavin, and Rosemary Byers, of Sydney. They were members of Lord and Lady Gifford's party at Zermatt for the snow sports.

A NUMBER of Australians were among a recent party taken by Lord and Lady Gifford to the Swiss Alps. Lord Gifford was A.D.C. to a former Governor of New South Wales, Sir Philip Game. His wife was Miss Margaret Allen, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen, of Merioola, Edgecliff, Sydney.

The Giffords' son, Anthony, is already a prominent skier, and this season, his second, he made a remarkable 5000ft. run, under the tutorship of Britain's ski champion, Bill Bracken.

SYDNEY GIRLS Diana Brunton and Elizabeth Robertson were among the Australians in the Giffords' party who enjoyed ski-ing and other snow sports at Zermatt, a mountain resort which has a ski hoist that takes skiers up 9000ft. Lord Gifford conducts a travel agency in London.

LORD GIFFORD and his son, the Hon. Anthony Gifford, aged 9, who is already an expert skier. A large number of Australians are always to be found in the European ski resorts in the season.

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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 29

MOVING over on the stile, Joe held out his hand to Cordelia. "Come on up here and rest yourself," he said cheerfully. "You look worn out, as far as I can see in this light."

She hesitated, but he put out a strong hand and hauled her up beside him.

"I've been worrying," he said. "I heard you'd lost your job and thought perhaps you'd had trouble because I took tea with you on Sunday, and I thought perhaps after all I said you were thinking I was going to ask you to marry me."

"Well, don't worry," said Cordelia. "I never thought of your asking me to marry you."

"You didn't!" said Joe. He took out a packet of cigarettes and offered it to her, and when she refused lit one for himself.

"Seems to me I'm a fool not to try to make you change your mind," he said pensively after he had smoked in silence for a few moments. "You always make me feel a grand chap, as if everything I did was right, and that's a fine way to make a man feel who knows he's mostly in the wrong!"

"But it couldn't work out," said Cordelia seriously, "because I don't love you and you don't really love me, and only love can make anything last."

"And how are you so sure I don't love you?" asked Joe.

"If you did there'd be no question about it," said Cordelia seriously, "you'd have to live with me or else die a little."

"You speak as if you knew about this dying," said Joe soberly.

"Yes," said Cordelia, and without warning a tidal wave of sorrow swept up over the calm sands of her control, and hiding her face in her hands she wept as she had not done since she was a child.

He put out an arm to shelter her on his shoulder from her own grief, but she pushed him away, shaking her head, unable to speak in the violence of her weeping.

She must learn to stand alone, and, as if by doing so physically she could instil the truth more firmly into her storm-tossed mind, she slid down from her place on the stile to stand on the solid earth.

If only she could stop this crying as easily! It was the more humiliating and defeating that her self-control had broken in such a way for the first time in years, at the very moment that she had assured herself that, from now on, she was going to be not only self-supporting, but strong.

But perhaps there had to be complete weakness, an utter surrender to humility, before true strength could grow. Gathering comfort from this thought, she straightened herself, pressing back the tears from her eyes. Taking her handkerchief from her pocket she dried them, and blew her nose.

"I'm sorry," she said shakily. "I . . . I had no idea I was going to give way like that . . ."

"You don't have to apologise to me," he said. "I expect it's done you a power of good. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No," she replied. "Only forget me and my foolishness."

"I'll not forget you," he said slowly. "I only wish I'd met you when I was younger, perhaps you could have made something out of me then. Dad needs me now, but the habit of wandering has grown too strong. I'll not stay here after he's gone."

"What will you do with the farm?" she asked.

"Sell it, I suppose," he said. "I can't be tied, even by possessions."

"Will you keep Nap as long as you are here?" she asked.

"Of course I will," he replied.

"Of course I'll pay for his keep . . ." began Cordelia.

"You won't!" he said gruffly. "Can't I do a thing for you?"

"Well, thank you, and good luck to you, anyway, and good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.

He jumped down from the stile and took her hand in his.

"I just hate to say it, but good-bye, ma'am," he said huskily, "and I hope that other chap—the one you were crying for—will come to his senses before it's too late."

"He hasn't lost them," said Cordelia. "It's all been my fault."

She turned away and he made no move to follow her as she climbed over the stile and made her way up the hill.

It rained again that night. The house gutters, the stable eaves, the trees and bushes still dripped suddenly when morning came, as if they could not be persuaded that the storm had really passed. The sky showed no sign of blue. Through the thinning cloud blanket a pallid sun shone coldly as if it were trying to masquerade as the moon.

As if her own tear storm had thinned the cloud over her mental skies, Cordelia came to her work on that Wednesday morning more alert to her surroundings and her situation than she had been for days, if

"Fill 'er up."

not as yet in a greater state of cheerfulness. She had given in too easily over this matter of finding Simon, she decided.

As soon as she arrived in town she would go to a detective agency. It should not prove too difficult for a detective to find out Simon's address. She felt calm and confident with this decision, and happier than she had done. Soon all this deception would be at an end; once more she could be Cordelia Sandys-Brown, and Jane Hart forgotten.

Her spirits rose higher at that thought as she went about her work. Only two more lightings of the range, she told herself, only two more carryings of trays.

As she opened the back door, Thomas the cat darted at her out of the shadows and slipped past her into the kitchen before she could prevent him.

I must go to Brightstone on Thursday afternoon and get that travelling basket, she reminded herself.

"Now, Thomas, out you go, you know you can't sleep in the kitchen," she said aloud, as he stood eyeing her narrowly from the hearth mat.

She was on her knees trying to entice him with a chicken bone, when the door opened and Evelyn came in.

"A man rang up last night," she said listlessly. "I said I didn't know when you'd be in. He said he would ring up again this morning."

"Who was he? What did he want?" asked Cordelia breathlessly, rising to her feet.

"He didn't give his name, and he didn't say what he wanted," replied Evelyn dully, "but I imagine it's something to do with a situation. He asked for the maid. I didn't know where you were."

"I went for a little walk," replied Cordelia, "down to the river."

"To the river!" repeated Evelyn, all the lethargy gone from her voice. And suddenly her hands took so convulsive a grip of one another that the knuckles stood out as fleshlessly white as the bone Cordelia held.

As suddenly she turned and walked to the door.

"About that reference," she said shakily over her shoulder. "I'll give you one . . . at least I can say that you are a good cook."

She went out of the kitchen, and Thomas, tiring of his play, walked daintily across the floor to Cordelia, shaking his front paws as if he had been paddling in the wet.

Stooping, she picked him up.

"Now, why did she suddenly change her mind about the reference like that?" she murmured aloud.

Please turn to page 33

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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 32

THOMAS purred complacently, and Cordelia went on with her work, still wondering about Evelyn's abrupt change of heart.

When she took in the morning tea tray, Aunt Harriet asked, "Have you made up your mind about coming to Egypt with me?"

"I shall have to let you know when I've been to town," said Cordelia, "but I think I shall go abroad."

"Thought you might have changed your mind in the night," said Aunt Harriet.

"Miss Sandys-Brown changed her mind about giving me a reference," said Cordelia. "Didn't you tell her that I didn't need one?"

"No," said Aunt Harriet. "Did you?"

"No, I didn't," said Cordelia. "I didn't have time."

"I don't see why you don't come with me to Egypt for the winter," said the old lady. "We could show that Sphinx a thing or two . . . make it laugh on the other side of its face to see me on a camel, and not semolina pudding, I hope," she went on with no change of tone. "I can't bear the stuff."

"If you think you can order better puddings you'd better take over the catering yourself," said Evelyn from behind Cordelia.

"Very well, I will!" retorted Aunt Harriet. "We'll have jam tart for lunch and mince pies for dinner."

"You know the doctor said that you were not to eat pastry at night," said Evelyn coldly.

"Stuff and nonsense," replied Aunt Harriet. "I'll eat pastry for breakfast if I like. By the way," she went on, "hadn't you better address those letters that came for Simon? They've been lying on the desk for two days now."

Evelyn did not reply. She went to the writing desk in the window and sat down on the chair, staring straight before her. There was so much defeat and unhappiness in the drooping of her thin shoulders that a wave of pity for her came over Cordelia. It was as clear to her in that moment as if Evelyn had spoken aloud that she had no idea where her brother might be.

Impulsively she took a step forward to put an arm about her in sympathetic understanding, but even as she did so the telephone rang, shattering the impulse with its shrill urgency.

Evelyn rose and picked up the receiver on the table by the door.

"Hallo," she said, "Miss Sandys-Brown speaking." Her face was flushed, her eyes eager with hope, but the next moment light died in them. "For you," she said dully, holding the receiver out to Cordelia.

"Hallo," said Cordelia, taking it from her and speaking into it.

"This is Betts speaking," came a deep voice from the other end of the line. "You remember me."

"Oh, y . . . yes," stammered Cordelia. How could she hold a conversation with Mr. Betts in front of Evelyn and Aunt Harriet about the sale of their home!

"Concerning that property we spoke of," said Mr. Betts. "It's come back on the market suddenly, yesterday morning to be exact. The owner came in and said he'd made up his mind to dispose of the place after all."

"I'm sorry I was out when you rang up last night," said Cordelia, searching for a noncommittal answer.

"You didn't write, so I thought I'd better give you a ring," said Mr. Betts.

"I wrote, but forget to post the letter," said Cordelia

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Betts. "You put me in quite a spot, madam. The other party made an offer and wanted an immediate reply, because they had another property in view . . ."

"That's quite all right," said Cordelia hastily. "I mean I shan't be taking the place after all."

There was a curious sound from the other end of the line, as if a sea lion had choked on a bad fish.

"What's that?" gasped Mr. Betts, when he seemed to have rid himself of the difficulty which had prevented him speaking.

"I shan't be taking the place," repeated Cordelia, "so it's all right if someone else wants it."

"O my . . ." began Mr. Betts, and broke off abruptly as if he were searching for some more eloquent language than modern English in which to express his feelings, and had died with his efforts. Silence grew more and more oppressive.

"Are you there?" asked Cordelia. "It's all right, isn't it?"

"No," said Mr. Betts, coming to life again with such sudden violence that her ear drum quivered under the onslaught of his denial. "No, it is not all right. I advised the firm to give you the first refusal, since your offer was the better of the two. I staked my oath on you . . .

"It's the first time I've ever gone by my trust in a client instead of her handwriting and signature. The other party wouldn't pay your price, the original price asked, and has backed out. May the saints preserve me, for the firm certainly won't!"

"I'm terribly sorry," said Cordelia, deeply distressed by this news, searching for some way to tell him how her circumstances had changed and yet leave Aunt Harriet and Evelyn in ignorance. "You see, I've come into some money . . ."

MR. BETTS interrupted so violently that Cordelia pressed the receiver closer to her ear to prevent any of the violence escaping into the room behind her. "That's what I told my firm, that's why I advised them to hold the property for you."

"Yes see," went on Cordelia desperately, painfully aware of Evelyn and Aunt Harriet behind her, "you see I'm not going out as a cook any more."

"What?" choked Mr. Betts.

"I'm not going out as a cook any more," repeated Cordelia.

"Look," said Mr. Betts very quietly, "one of us seems to be going mad, madam. Is it you or me?"

"It's all my fault," said Cordelia, "I should have written that I didn't want the place."

"So you're letting me down flat?" said Mr. Betts.

"No, no," said Cordelia. "I can assure you I'll repay the fee in full. I won't let you down . . . I won't really . . . I'll do whatever you think fair about the place, but I really don't want to go into service any more."

"I don't get it," said Mr. Betts, "whoever mentioned service?"

"I'll come to the agency at four o'clock on Friday," went on Cordelia, ignoring this question, "and we can discuss then what is the best thing to do about the situation. It was all my fault for not writing and I promise you shan't suffer."

"Well, that's fairly said," replied Mr. Betts. "I'll tell the firm you'll be coming along on Friday and leave it at that. I should have got your proposal in writing before I said anything. Oh well, teach me a sharp lesson for the future. Friday you said, madam?" he ended with an abrupt return to his official voice.

"Yes, Friday, at four o'clock," said Cordelia, and hastily replaced the receiver, before any more could be said.

"Trouble with a domestic agency, eh?" said Aunt Harriet, blatantly admitting to her interest in the telephone conversation.

"Yes, trouble with an agency in London," said Cordelia, and went rapidly from the room before she could be questioned further.

The Court was hers! Or could be hers for the asking, she thought, sinking down in the armchair, and she did not want it. How could she live here without Simon now that she knew he was alive?

If she were forced to buy it she would resell it again. Mr. Betts mustn't suffer for his misplaced belief in her. Evelyn had wanted to sell the property a month ago. Was it Simon who had prevented that sale? And if so, what had made him change his mind?

Had he perhaps proposed to Dolores and been accepted—or refused! He had gone to the agency the day before, Mr. Betts had said.

Suddenly she sat up, gripping the arms of the chair. If Simon had gone to the agency, the agency would have his address. She need look no further.

To be concluded

for that Luxury Look

Kirsch ALL-METAL VENETIAN BLINDS

With Kirsch beautiful "Ivory-cream" Blinds you add new smartness and new distinction to your windows . . . to your rooms . . . to your entire home. Flexible metal slats tone down glaring sun rays to mellow interior light.

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GILSEAL DYES

are the best dyes. Ask your Chemist—his skilled advice is

FREE

Gilseal Dyes are DOUBLE STRENGTH

Recapture the skin loveliness of babyhood . . . *with pure, mild Pears*

Fay has a knowing look when the subject of precious complexions comes into the conversation. She loves to tell people that the thrilling softness of skin beauty can be recaptured so very easily with pure, mild Pears. She pays tribute to Pear's gentleness, its kindness to even precious baby-thin skins. You see, Fay knows that pure, mild Pears will make any complexion lovelier. Your skin, too, will be softer, smoother, more enchanting with Pears.

Since the days of crinolines and hoop skirts, Pears has been known and used by countless women. The Pears process begins where that of ordinary soap ends. Resting in glorious leisure for long months, each Pears tablet matures until it gains the clear transparency that proclaims it so mild, so pure.

Pears

The last golden sliver of a tablet of Pears can be moistened and fitted snugly into the hollow of a new cake. This makes Pears more economical than everyday toilet soaps.

So pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet

PEARS

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★ LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS LANTIGEN "B" ★

LANTIGEN "B" FOR ASTHMA, SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS LANTIGEN "B"

Life-long sufferers praise immunisation treatment acclaimed only effective lasting treatment for

CATARRH · BRONCHITIS

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Here are the actual written testimonies of chronic ex-sufferers, who, after having tried almost every known type of treatment, have proved Lantigen 'B' the effective and lasting treatment for germ-caused Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, and Recurrent Colds.

Lantigen 'B', a dissolved oral vaccine, is taken just like an ordinary medicine (in water at bedtime). Lantigen treats the disorder first and then helps build up the body's resistance against further attacks. Many sufferers now enjoy wonderful health with freedom (for the first time in years) from the distressing symptoms of Catarrhal and Bronchial disorders. If you suffer from any such complaints, go to your Chemist today and ask for details of the Lantigen 'B' Treatment. Don't delay until the complaint becomes worse. **Save yourself suffering.** Act now. See your chemist today!

READ THESE PERSONALLY WRITTEN TESTIMONIES

"Used to Fear the Coming of Night"

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 20 Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.: "Seven years ago I lay in bed propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I used to fear the coming of night, because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed, and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."

"Marvellous for Catarrh"

Says Mr. E. McKee, of Glenice Station, N.Z.: "Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel quite a new man. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

"Night After Night—Nothing Else But Cough"

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland: "Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. All day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."

"Wonderful Benefit"

Says Mrs. Dulcie Camage, of Mort Street, Blacktown, N.S.W.: "I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus and Antrum trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good, but after one bottle I feel a new woman."

"Harsh Bronchial Cough Disturbed my Rest at Night"

Says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.: "I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me, and, believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life. Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of Bronchial coughs and colds."

"Recurrent Colds Curbed"

Says Mrs. M.C., of Abbotsford, N.S.W.: "My elder son was never without a cold. Since taking Lantigen 'B' he has not had one cold."

"Was Even Afraid to Wash My Hair"

Says Mrs. V. Pollock, of Lawson, N.S.W.: "Before using Lantigen 'B' I was in an awful state, got to the stage was even afraid to wash my hair, and any little change in the atmosphere, or sprinkle of rain on my head, or little breeze—then I'd have an awful attack, which would last for days—like a cold—then came Bronchitis and even like Asthma. Thanks to Lantigen 'B' I've had the best winter for years."

HERE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE THESE DISORDERS

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

1. These are the villi — 8 in a 1 1 sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestines—which have altogether an absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet.

2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause diseases, treat as a white corpuscle (larger dark patch).

3. Illustration of white corpuscle engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

NO NEED FOR YOU TO SUFFER

LANTIGEN 'B' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF

Lantigen 'B' is a Dissolved Oral Vaccine prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. It is specially designed to counteract the germs and their poisons which are the main causes of Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Works Through the Bloodstream

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the mouth, throat, and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "ANTIBODIES." These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain, and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime as directed.

No Drugs

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

Economical

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

MEDICAL OPINION ON ORAL IMMUNISATION

Louis Pasteur, father of immunisation.

It was Louis Pasteur who established the fact that germs cause disease, and that vaccines could treat and immunise against it. The continued success of oral vaccines (which are taken by mouth) is praised by leading doctors and research workers. Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows:—"In my experience, the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thomson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, say:—"The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

MORE THAN 2 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE for

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

★ LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS LANTIGEN "B" ★

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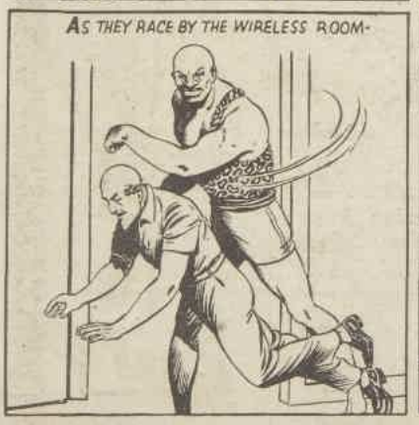
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have been carried by huge birds to Roc Island, and later
PRINCESS NARDA: Is also brought to the island by the birds, unknown to Mandrake, who has been imprisoned by the despotic ruler,
THE BARON: Who forces Lothar to clean out the roc nests. Meanwhile the Baron sees his rocs' latest capture, Narda, and decides to make her his queen. But Lothar finds and releases Mandrake. They are stopped by the Baron's armed radio operator: NOW READ ON.



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Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle if you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry scalp and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR". "Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed, attractive and protected all day. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks *better*, your scalp *feels* better.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK
Double care — both Scalp and Hair

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Quality Coats for Tiny-tots, Boys and Girls and Teen-agers.
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DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

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THE SMARTEST HANDKNITS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

And instructions are so simple that even a beginner can easily follow them.

Printed in rich color and rotogravure 36 patterns.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
KNITTING BOOK
Only 1/6

Avoid Embarrassment of FALSE TEETH Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. This new, fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Any chemist has **FASTEETH**. Refuse substitutes.

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

DRESSES styled to look like coats are fashion news from New York, and I suggest one as the solution to a reader's dress problem.

Try a coat-dress

"I HAVE some striped grey worsted flannel which I bought to make a suit. Now I rather want a frock or coat and wondered which would be suitable for me to have."

My suggestion is a coat-dress; actually, if you have it lined, it could serve as a double-purpose garment—coat or dress. I have illustrated the design. Note the straight-line front, with eased fullness at the back created by a drawstring.

Vary your tops

"WOULD you please suggest an outfit for semi-formal dressing for dancing? I have quite a few party dresses, but I get tired of them and wondered if you could think of some sort of frock I could vary in different ways."

I suggest "separates"; they're a dominant style-fashion and would be the answer to your problem. You could, for instance, have a short dance skirt plus two or three separate tops—skirt in pleated black net. One top could be sleeveless (very new fashion) made with a high neckline finished with a tiny collar—material peach jersey. The same design could be carried out in gold or silver lame. Another effective "top" could be pastel satin with a low, square-cut neckline (back and front), finished with wide straps and embroidered with black jet.

To suit a blonde

"WITH my blonde coloring and blue eyes, what two shades would you suggest? I want one for day and one for late day. I don't want to have to get special color accessories for each, and want two colors that will not be out of fashion in a few months."

My suggestion is burnt sugar and cloud-blue. The latter is for late day. Either color is neutral enough to go with basic colored accessories, such as black, navy, or brown. Both colors have already been endorsed in high-style collections for next spring.

News in toppers

"COULD I have a few suggestions for a short between-season coat, please? Would it look smart in a check material?"

A newsy topper design, often made in a check or plain woollen, has a high buttoned collar and soft, rounded shoulders, made so by curved seaming just below the shoulder-line. Another new detail of the season is low-placed pockets.

Trim and tailored

"MAY I have your suggestion for a tailored gabardine suit not too conventional in style? I can wear fairly smart clothes, being tall (5ft. 7in.) and a good build. I like a narrow skirt, but not too skimpy so that it's uncomfortable for walking."

A belted jacket slightly bloused above the waistline plus slim skirt is one of the success silhouettes for 1950. If you are worried about the narrow line making walking uncomfortable, have the skirt slim in front, with three back pleats. Have the back pleats stitched about four inches down from the waistline. The stitching will keep the silhouette flat and trim, which is necessary with a bloused top.

THIS COAT-DRESS is a useful dual-purpose garment.

Smartest trousers

"PLEASE help me by telling me the newest type of pants. I would also be obliged if you could suggest a top. I would like something different from a sweater or shirt-blouse."

Pants are all lengths. Perhaps those that end just below the knee are newest. Long, tapered slacks cut on the lines of ski-pants are another current trouser fashion. A middy blouse is the newest and smartest "top" for trouser fashions. The middy looks lovely in wool jersey, also chic in corded velveteen. Have the top in contrast to pants.

Short evening frock

"AS I want to make a dressy short evening dress in some transparent material, please give me a suggestion for material and style."

I suggest you combine tulle and silk taffeta. The bodice of taffeta could be made with a just-off-the-shoulder neckline finished with a three-inch-wide cuff with a saw tooth edge. The cuff will form tiny sleeves. Have the skirt made in tulle with all-round narrow pleats. The underslip slim to give a sheath shadow effect. Have the dress belted at the natural waistline with a two-inch-wide, self-material belt.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Sutex STOCKINGS

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A fast acting internal medicine called ROMEND, specially developed by the Kom Control Laboratory, is now bringing new hope, happiness and comfort to thousands of sufferers from the pains of Rheumatic, Rheumatoid, Sciatic, Sciatica, Neuralgia and Lumbago. ROMEND discovers in the small intestine, then the ingredients are absorbed into the blood and they can reach every part of the body. That's why it works so fast in relieving 3 ways: 1. First, they starve nothing pain. 2. Helps Nature remove excess Uric Acid which often aggravates pains, swelling and stiff muscles. 3. Helps you work and sleep in greater comfort. Get ROMEND from your Chemist today. Quick satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

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I find Ford Pills suit me perfectly. Whenever I'm feeling headachy or listless, they put me right on top of the world again. I always keep Ford Pills in the house.

FORD PILLS

For my husband as well, Ford Pills are specially suitable. At the first signs of Indigestion or Stomach troubles, one or two Ford Pills at bedtime make him a new man in the morning.

FORD PILLS

Joan, too, is a picture to look at. Clear eyes, healthy skin, always ready to enjoy life to the full — thanks to her appreciation of Ford Pills.

FORD PILLS

When Joan was a baby, and before she came along, I found Ford Pills just right for expectant and nursing mothers. They don't cause griping, flavour mother's milk or upset baby.

Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all of your family.

In Plastic Tubes
2/6 EVERYWHERE

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FORD PILLS

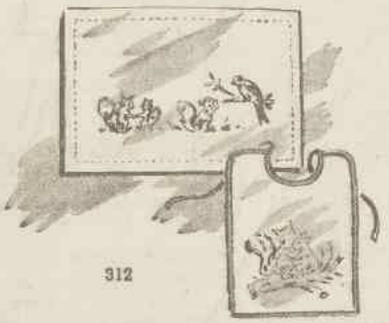
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 309—SMOCK SUIT
This delightful style is cut out ready to make. The material is ever-washing cesora in cream, palest lemon, and blue. Sizes: Length 17in., 1 yr. Length 18in., 2 yrs. Price: Complete suit, 16/9. Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

No. 310—PETTICOAT AND PANTS
Cut out and ready to sew, this pretty style is in white, pale blue, lemon, and pink cesora. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., slip 6/11, pants 5/11, complete set 12/3. Length 19in., 3yrs., slip 7/3, pants 6/3, complete set 13/-. Length 20in., 4 yrs., slip 7/6, pants 6/9, complete set 13/11. Length 23in, 5-6 yrs., slip 8/3, pants 7/3, complete set 14/11.
Regd. postage: Slip, 10½d. extra. Pants, 8½d. extra. Complete set, 1/3 extra.

No. 311—FROCK
Wide revers and tie waistline are features of this frock, cut out ready to make in a small check: Red-and-white, green-and-white, or blue-and-white haircord. Sizes: 32-34in. bust, 26/6. 36-38in. bust, 28/9. Regd. postage 2/3 extra.

No. 312—FEEDER AND PLATE MAT SET
Traced ready for you to embroider on a good British cotton in blue, lemon, pink, green, or white, the feeder measures 7 x 11in., and the mat 11 x 17in. Trim with a bias binding. Price: Complete set, 3/11. Postage 6½d. extra.



No. 313—THROWOVER
This dainty throwover is traced ready to embroider on white, lemon, pink, blue, or green organdie. Finish with a narrow lace edge. Price 6/11. Postage 6½d. extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 309, 310, 311, 312, and 313, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"GAIL."—One-piece tennis dress has an all-round pleated skirt and soft bodice top. The dress is obtainable in white linen-like material, and white rayon crepe-de-chine.
Ready To Wear (crepe-de-chine): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/6. Postage 2/3 extra.
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• N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note points) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 19), or by post.
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In six lovely shades to suit you

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DREAM ROSE

1/7
2/3

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Powder Base • Lipstick
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With the fragrance men love

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IN AUSTRALIA NOW!

Tonight!.. Show him how much lovelier your hair can look .. after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

. . . dream girl, dream girl. Beautiful Lustre-Creme girl ... hair that gleams and glistens From a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Tonight he can SEE your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen . . . FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky . . . if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Dammit's magic formula for glamorizing hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness lather" even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff—gives new, shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents. Beauty-wise American women HAVE made LUSTRE-CREME America's favourite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results.

PRICES: MEDIUM, 1/6; LARGE, 2/11

Not a Soap! Not a liquid! But Kay Dammit's rich Lathering Cream Shampoo with Lanolin

It's in a tube for your convenience

LC4/150

Automatic Thermostat!

Twist a knob — and the temperature's set for your climate. And that's another reason why the New President Refrigerator is selling faster than any other refrigerator in Australia.

1950 PRESIDENT REFRIGERATOR

If the New President hasn't reached your town yet, write President Products Pty. Ltd., Hardy's Chambers, Bulletin Place, Sydney. We will send you literature and arrange delivery through your nearest President dealer.

Taurus is a Dog

Continued from page 9

WELL, Mr. Stargazer, this piece of information from Moynihan just about floors me.

"You mean," I say, "that it can be carried to that point?"

"Indeed," says Moynihan, "and to points much farther beyond."

Needless to say, Mr. Stargazer, I am upset by Moynihan's advice. I stop at Hank's on the way, to find Mamie feeling the same as the last time. I wheel to Duluth and tie up and hustle about shaving, et cetera, and am back in Mamie's town well ahead of nine o'clock. She greets me very friendly, and we adjourn to a local spot.

"I am informed by sources sometimes reliable," I say, "that astrology can be the cause of numberless complications. For instance, if the party of the first part happens to be born under the wrong sign, the party of the second part must cease diplomatic relations. Is there anything to such rumors?"

"I am also informed," she says, "that more serious students of the science do arrive at such conclusions. I tried a serious study of the matter some little time ago, but I got mixed up in the third paragraph of the simple introduction and dropped out. I am now content to rely on Mr. Stargazer's clear and accurate daily predictions."

"Indeed," I say, more hopeful, "so unless Mr. Stargazer tells you to scratch a certain entry, he remains in the running?"

"That is no less than the truth, darling," she says, soft and sweet.

The evening goes on from good to better and bids fair to be a treasured page in memory's book. Mamie bats those eyes at me at a furious rate. I look deep into those orbs and proceed to go down for the third time without a struggle. To wind matters up, she bids me good-bye at the door in lingering fashion.

It is difficult to state how much lingering might have gone on, only her old man comes home in a jovial mood. He hangs about the porch, making light conversation, till at last Mamie and me shake hands again. I feel very different, however, from the last time as I head for Duluth.

Well, Mr. Stargazer, I think that I am then well on the way with Mamie, but that only goes to show what a kick in the teeth that Taurus can give. A couple more dates and I am beginning to look over the housing situation in Duluth. Then I run into a situation where Mamie calls me Mr. Casey again. Moynihan is again most helpful.

"The stars follow a pretty strict schedule, which is more than I can say for you love-struck truck jockeys," he says. "But one has got to expect even the stars to get behind clouds and run into squalls and such. As long as you are gone on a dame who is smitten with stars, you gotta take the bitter with the better."

"Pretty much bitter," I say, "and it doesn't get better for very long."

"Do not despair," Moynihan says, with an evil grin. "Your fate is written in the stars."

The next day the weather takes a real turn for the better and I am again thinking rosy thoughts. The day after that brings cooler and cloudy, but then a warm spell comes along which lasts for a week. Mr. Stargazer, that is the beginning of the worst roller-coaster ride in all of history. One day I am up and the next I am down, as Taurus romps all over the universe with me hanging to his tail.

"Things seem more than unusually upset among the heavenly bodies," Moynihan says.

"But, Moynihan," I say, "I am not one to sit idly by while such livestock maps out my future. I wish to have a small part in shaping said future."

"It is useless to talk of changing the course of the stars," says Moynihan. "However, each and every man who practises the art of astrology differs slightly on the results of what he sees. It is much the same as no two men bet a poker hand just the same.

"Whilst you can't ever influence the stars, you can maybe get your foot in the door of the guy who reads said stars and ask for a recount on so much gloomy forecasting."

I don't do anything about Moynihan's advice for the time being, but keep up the good work with Mamie and hope for a break. For some little time the daily news must be brighter, as Mamie thaws and I get my chin off my chest. As a matter of fact, the situation is so much better that I consult a diamond broker.

Mamie seizes upon the ring with shrieks of joy and I draw a sigh of relief as I think that makes it official and an end is come to the backing and filling. But I am wrong about that.

I have had that ring back no less than four times to date. We pass that bunk of ice back and forth like two guys playing volley ball with a hot rivet.

Now, Mr. Stargazer, here is my problem. This uncertainty places me in a very nasty spot. I rent an apartment in Duluth in hopes. Some days that you say yes, I have a girl, and some days that you say no, I have a headache.

I keep remembering Moynihan saying that some variation takes place from person to person who reads the stars.

Is it possible, maybe, that the cleaning woman who polishes your telescope has left some dust or fly-specks over the part of the glass which points at Taurus? Or maybe could it be that the glass in the telescope has one of those pips in it like my ma's front-room window has, which makes things look like they aren't?

A slight check-up of your equipment seems in order, since, as Moynihan says, you can't change the course of the stars. Be that as it may, unless some change comes over the Taurus situation, I shall have to grasp fate by the forelock and have Moynihan change my route.

Desperately yours,
Richie Casey.

DEAR Mr. Stargazer.

Yrs of the 22nd read and contents noted. That is where the trouble really starts—noting the contents. I think I would have been much better off if I had not noted the contents.

It is the last sentence that really gets me mixed up. It says, "In spite of the well-known influence of the stars upon human lives, personal ingenuity can do a great deal. I suggest that you employ ingenuity in the solution of your problem."

Telling a Casey to use ingenuity is like waving a red flag in front of Taurus. I keep telling myself that I am ingenious, and the job should be a cinch, but all the way to Chicago I cannot get the glimmer of an ingenious plot.

It seems that where Mamie is concerned my brain shifts into neutral and I double-clutch it with some little desperation, but I stall far short of ingenious ideas.

Moynihan sees my pitiful condition and is duly sympathetic.

I tell him about the letter I wrote you and the answer I got back. He looks at his cigar and then he looks at me. "Richie, my boy," he says, "the situation demands action."

"I am open to any suggestions," I say, "providing that they are ingenious."

"In fact," says Moynihan, "what we got to do is fight one astrologer with another astrologer."

Please turn to page 39

ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxima—from the words *auto* (self), *toxin* (poison) — by inducing better Internal Cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

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Taurus is a Dog

Continued from page 38

SUCH a suggestion brings out one of my worse streaks.

"That is just dandy," I say, a trifle sarcastic. "What do they do—fire shooting stars at each other at twenty paces?"

"No, no, Richie," says Moynihan, waving his cigar in big circles, "you don't get what I mean. When one astrologer leads with a gloomy forecast, you've got to be prepared to counter-punch with another forecaster who predicts favorably for you."

"You mean that I should hunt up an astrologer here who will give me a horoscope for Mamie which will tell her to get married and cut out the monkey business?" I say.

"We-e-ll, that wouldn't be too bad," says Moynihan, "but the personal touch will be what puts the thing on ice. I have got a much better idea than that. You know Corrigan?"

"Corrigan?" I say. "Corrigan—do I know him? That drunk?"

"That may be as you state," says Moynihan, "but he has his good points and his heart is in the right place."

"I don't want to have a part in anything that has to do with Corrigan," I say, with some heat.

"Now, now, Richie, let us be objective about this," says Moynihan. "If we were to coach him in enough of the astrology lingo so as he could get by, then send him to this town in which your girl resides, it might be the ticket. We could rough out the general gist of what he is to tell her, such as he is an astrologer and she could feel sure the stars tell her to marry you."

In spite of my doubts, I hunt up Corrigan, who I find under his usual table at his regular bar. I take him down to where Moynihan and me can discuss plans. He is a tasty-looking specimen, with ten days of whiskers and the galloping shakes. Moynihan sketches out the situation, but I can't tell if Corrigan shakes his head yes or just shakes his head.

"Will you do this little thing for Casey?" says Moynihan.

"Yes—yes, I will," says Corrigan, sounding like the bass lead in the frog pond. "For good old Casey I will, but now I have to get a drink."

"No drinks," I say, "while you are on this mission."

I take Corrigan with me on the way north and he gets more jittery by the mile. Fairly soon he is doing a rhumba from one side of the driver's cabin to the other, but I don't change my mind about having the drink.

Just before we get to Mamie's town, I stop the truck and get Corrigan in costume. It mainly consists of a turban, prewound for the purpose, a ring with a blue stone in it as big as a robin's egg, and a brass telescope.

This last touch is my own idea, which I figure should be a convincer. It sets him off as an astrologer, as otherwise there is nothing to show he might not be a palm reader. Then I drop him off near Hank's and take off for Duluth.

When I stop at Hank's that night on the way back to Chicago, right away I suspect that something is wrong. I see Mamie in the back of the place, so I give her a friendly wave. I think that she is waving back at first, then I see she is winding up and she comes over with an overhand pitch that is a beaut. I duck from habit and the cup smashes against the wall.

"Hey, Mamie," I holler, "there is some mistake." But she shies a soup bowl that misses me by less than the cup.

Please turn to page 41

Famous RADIO STAR AND AUCTIONEER

JACK DAVEY

says: "Horlicks takes the Jack Pot for flavour and nourishment!"

When Jack Davey steps onto his auctioneering rostrum at eleven in the morning he doesn't come down again until four in the afternoon! And that happens every Thursday and Friday at "Hi Ho House", Sydney. In that time he will sell anything from a fork to a fox fur — nonstop! "Yes," says Jack, "I've got to keep going flat out for five solid hours—that's why I always have a glass of Horlicks before I start."

Radio Star, auctioneer, newspaper columnist, song writer . . . where *does* he get all that bubbling energy? Listen to Jack Davey himself: "I've been a Horlicks regular for many years. Horlicks has always kept me going at the top of my form."

Just like Jack Davey you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Jack, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

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Ask your storekeeper for **HORLICKS**

8-oz. TIN 2/2 16-oz. TIN 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . *why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling. Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say *Myzone* relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ *The secret is Myzone's* amazing *Actetin* (anti-spasm) compound. Try *Myzone* with your next "pain." All chemists.

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Plays Piano Hours Daily at 89!

Gives credit for bright, alert health to Kruschen

Mrs. Mary Foote, of "Bonnie Doon," 7 Darby Street, Bayswater, W.A., will soon be 90 years old—*but she lives the full life of a woman many years younger.* No slowing-down for her, no rheumatics—she's bright, alert, in the best of health. For this she gives the credit to her regular daily dose of *Kruschen*, according to this letter from her daughter, Mrs. Esme McDougall.

READ WHAT SHE SAYS

"For some time it has been my intention to write and tell you of my mother (Mrs. Mary Foote who played over National Fair when it first started). She was 89 yrs. last September and does 2 hours every morning at the piano, doing nothing but classics — Chopin, Beethoven, Liszt. She starts with Czerny's Studies and finishes with Mendelssohn's, who is her favourite composer.

"She loves motor drives any time of day or night. Knits baby layette sets, also tatting and crochet. She plays a good game of Bridge, remembering every card that is out, etc. You should see her at a crowded table playing Radio Rummy, the brightest one at the table, very alert and, thank God, has all her faculties. She reads three books a week, never wants to go to bed and it is a hard job to keep her in bed after seven o'clock in the morning.

"When anyone asks her who she gives credit to, her reply is 'Kruschen Salts' for all her activities. For the past 40 odd years she has had ½ teaspoon every morning."

"½ Teaspoon Kruschen daily for past 40 years."

KRUSCHEN TONIC ACTION

You, too, whether you are young, middle-aged or elderly, can benefit from the bracing tonic action of Kruschen's combination of six natural salts. Never forget that, for a body to have the best chance of escaping all kinds of ailments, *it is far more important for it to be clean on the inside than outside.*

As we grow older our bodily functions tend to slow down. The liver and kidneys, for instance, may function less efficiently and no longer keep the system fully cleansed of its poisonous wastes.

Mrs. Mary Foote, 89 years old, gives credit to Kruschen for her good health and freedom from rheumatics. She is pictured here sitting at the piano in her home, "Bonnie Doon," 7 Darby Street, Bayswater, W.A.

Cleanse your system of poisonous wastes

Kruschen Salts are a skilful combination of six natural salts. These salts stimulate the liver and wash out the kidneys and help them to keep the system free of poisonous wastes. A clean internal system keeps the bloodstream clean and healthy. Gone are the causes that may lead to such ailments as *Rheumatism, Aching Joints, Lumbago, Backache, Neuritis.*

"IT WAS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DO MY JOB"

Mr. E. Webb, printer, Paddington, N.S.W. now finds his work a pleasure—thanks to Kruschen.

—Says Mr. E. Webb, of Paddington, N.S.W.

"It is over twenty years now since I started taking Kruschen Salts regularly. Before that, I was so troubled with aching joints from rheumatism that it was nearly impossible to do my job.

"Now I take regular doses of Kruschen and rheumatic pains no longer make my life a constant misery. Kruschen Salts keep me in good health all the year round and in your own words give me that 'famous Kruschen feeling.'

"My wife also takes Kruschen and is always fit and bright. I know that there are other people who can be helped back to good health by Kruschen Salts, perhaps this letter may be useful to tell others of our experience. You have my permission to use this letter in any way you wish."

(Signed) E. Webb,
156 Windsor Street, Paddington, N.S.W.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

What about *you?* Are *you* on top of the world, fighting fit, full of the joy of living?

—Or are you dragged down by the lassitude, the rheumatic and muscular pains, that are so often due to wastes poisoning the system? Don't delay treatment a moment longer! The medicinal dose of Kruschen's skilful combination of six natural salts will stimulate liver and kidneys to function properly. Then — the "little daily dose" of Kruschen will keep you fit and well—just like Mrs. Mary Foote and Mr. E. Webb.

TWO WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN

★ Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water, daily. ★ The "Little Daily Dose"—as much as will cover a sixpence is tasteless in your morning cup of tea—gives you that "Kruschen Feeling."

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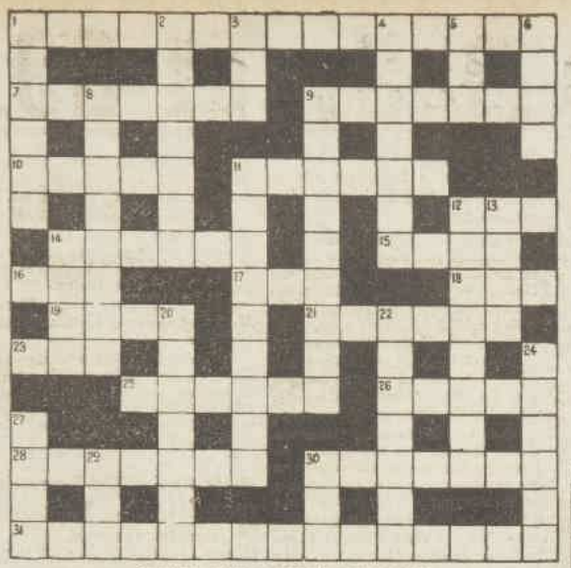

Solution will be published next week.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Knif is in ten feet (Anagr. 10, 8).
7. Vulgarly clamorous fifty in a degree and an insect after tea (7).
9. An island in the East Indian Archipelago (7).
10. Even tea can be a happening (5).
11. Something unsubstantial advertisement in a display (6).
12. A utensil for a god (3).
14. Fuel to study a French braggart (6).
15. Genuine concerning little Albert (4).
16. A Chinese mile who outwitted two scores of robbers (3).
17. Before and after flow (3).
18. A knock overturns equality (3).
19. God O'noise (4).
21. Here is is confused one of two (6).
23. Sheep you double in ease (3).
25. A celestial body encountered Christopher Robin's donkey (6).
26. Hinder in the matter of Edward returning (5).
28. An apostle in ease before tea decorates the shoulder (7).
30. Grilled little brother I guided (7).
31. European city with aspiration sets down in writing the books of hatches, matches, and dispatches (6, 9).

DOWN

1. Mixed recognizable with a color is innate (6).
2. Wildly excited part of our armed forces with facial neuralgia (7).
3. A half a score back is free from deduction (3).
4. Change rum goat into a musical instrument (7).
5. Fruit which is a difficult problem if it is hard (3).
6. Cheese made back in Holland (4).
8. Capital city (6).
9. Unimportant little drink (3, 4).
11. Ageing by missing ten scores (9).
12. Ancestral income from property fellows father (8).
13. Winglike call to arms less a thousand (4).
14. Geel not high order (4).
20. Sewing implements require Les (7).
22. Tiresome acknowledgments of debt follow Edward (7).
24. Barters an Australian State in which a communist is mixed up (6).
27. Fifty in clangy yes cry as a dog (4).
29. If it's hot this gaseous substance is empty talk (3).
30. Back talk for a container (3).

Solution to last week's crossword.

Taurus is a Dog

Continued from page 39

I CAN see she is in no mood for arbitration, so I leave just ahead of a meat platter to look for Corrigan. I find him and I see at first glance that he forgot to duck. He wears the turban wound so as to hold a steak in place over his eye, and he bears other marks of conflict.

"Where is the telescope?" I say.

"She bust that over my head," he groans.

We drive quite some way with Corrigan sitting quiet in the cabin, except when he touches a tender spot and lets out a yelp. "Honest to gosh, Casey, it was an accident," he says at last.

"Oh, I thought she did it on purpose," I says.

"Aw, I don't mean that," he says. "I mean how it happens in the first place. I think to myself that before I go in to stage the act for your dame, maybe I should be in better shape. So I buy a drink—just one, Casey. I am getting along swell, I recognise your doll right away, and have her cars when it hits me—cuwie! Right away I get confidential and I will spill the beans."

"The whole works?" I say.

"No less than the sum total," he says, gloomily as I feel.

So there is the situation in a nutshell, where I'll belong if this keeps up. Even Moynihan can't suggest anything.

The fighting blood of the Caseys is now aroused. I will fight it out along some line if it takes forever. If you cannot do something about this situation, then I don't want to hear any more advice, especially if it has to do with being ingenious. The next time I am ingenious I might forget to duck.

Courageously yours,
Richie Casey.

Dear Mr. Stargazer.

I am dogging about in a low frame of mind for some little time. I try Hank's once or twice, once Mamie is gone and the other time she starts her wind-up, so I don't go back.

I start getting my coffee at Joe's, across the street from Hank's, which is strictly a quick and dirty. There is a redhead at Joe's who calls me honey, but I am not interested. It is strictly from hunger that I stop at Joe's, as I often tell myself as I look across the street at Hank's.

Moynihan lays off me, which makes me feel funny. When he rides me it seems natural, but when he doesn't it makes me feel he is sorry for me, which he is.

One evening as I am getting ready to leave Joe's, the redhead peels off her apron and comes from behind the counter. "Honey," she says, "you go south from here, don't you?"

"That's right," I say.

"It will be a big help if you could give me a lift to my old man's place," she says. "It is about five miles out of town."

"We-e-ell, I'm not supposed to take passengers in the truck," I say. What I really meant was that if Mamie catches sight of me taking redheads in the driver's cabin it will be to the bitter end. But she is not one to discourage easy, and she climbs in and bangs my ear for five miles. It is all about how fresh most men are who come into Joe's, but how I never acted that way so she felt safe in asking me for a lift.

"Your reading of character is perfect," I say.

"Thank you," she says, though I think she looks a little disappointed.

This is not bad enough, but four or five times more the same thing happens and I know my goose is cooked beyond all recognition, because even if Mamie doesn't see the redhead going with me, in a town that small she is sure to find out.

To my surprise I climb in the cab one night and there is Mamie. I look and then I duck, but she says, "I'm not armed, Richie."

I just sit and look at her, not daring to say anything even if I can think of anything to say. "Do you have to wait to get married in Chicago?" she says.

"I think—I don't—maybe—" I say. "Do you mean it, honest?"

She nods her head.

"What difference does it make?" I say. "Moynihan knows a judge who can take care of the waiting part."

After some of the talk is over, I get a horrible thought which I spit right out. "What about Mr. Stargazer?" I say.

"Mr. Stargazer is very accurate on all subjects except affairs of the heart," she says. "There are several things which make me come to that conclusion. For one thing, my father says that anybody which will drag a drunk up from Chicago with a turban and a telescope must love me. He further states that if I don't marry you he will beat me over the head with a billiard cue."

"Let it be understood," I say, "that I will not marry a girl who is forced to marry me on account of threats from her father."

"Have no fear, darling," she says. "It was not threats which decided me, but it was the way you made me feel by taking out that redhead. It made me so jealous that I knew it was really love.

"The way you did that, darling, was—it was ingenious."

Joyfully yours,
Richie Casey.

(Copyright)

"I'll be with you soon. How did you like the water?"

"AEROPHOS" RAISING INGREDIENT

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LUNCHEON TURNOVERS with FRIED PASTRY

LIGHTER, CRISPER WHEN BAKED WITH—SELF RAISING FLOUR containing "AEROPHOS"

6 oz. s.r. flour containing "Aerophos".
4 oz. lard.
½ cup milk or water.
Savoury filling.

Rub lard into flour, mix in milk or water, knead lightly and roll out thinly. Cut into squares about 3-in. x 3 in. Onto each square, place a spoonful of cooked vegetables which have been bound together with a very thick white sauce, cheese flavoured; or use chopped cooked ham mixed with thick white sauce to which a little parsley has been added. Brush edges of pastry with beaten egg and fold over; press edges together with a fork. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Serve with cheese sauce and a crisp French salad.

The pastry need not be made freshly. When "Aerophos" is contained in the flour, pastry may be made and kept safely in a cool place for some days, and cooked as required.

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR that contains "AEROPHOS"

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Hands busy with housework need the gentle care of Softasilk. Use it always after housework, and your hands will be loved not alone for their usefulness, but for their romantic loveliness. Softasilk is an excellent powder base and is so soothing to the skin after sunbathing.

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KEEP A TUBE
IN YOUR BEDROOM
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Paris Frocks Take The Plunge!

French necklines, steadily dropping during the past four years, have now become more daring than ever.
See the latest creations from leading Parisian fashion houses in APRIL issue of

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ACTRESS AT 2!

JENNIFER HENRY of Coogee, N.S.W., has just turned four, but already she has been a professional model for 2½ years! What's more, she appeared in a film at the age of two. A tiring life for a little girl, but Jennifer is the picture of health. Mrs. Henry says: "Jennifer has had Vegemite every day since she was six months old and I'm sure it has been a big help in keeping her fit and well". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B_1 than other similar extracts, and it contains **no starch**. Vegemite is tastier too, and it's more economical.

V01

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★ The Forsyte Saga

M-G-M. has fashioned an elegant and pictorially rich motion-picture out of John Galsworthy's saga of that strict Victorian family, the Forsytes.

Filmed in lush technicolor, with a quartet of star names and a large cast of featured players, the story begins slowly, and is punctuated with long periods of dialogue.

The audience meets the Forsyte family when Soames Forsyte (Errol Flynn) is about to marry Irene (Greer Garson), the impoverished daughter of a professor.

A cruel man with a deep appreciation of beauty, Soames is almost savagely possessive, and their marriage is unhappy, although the arrogant family eventually admits Irene to the circle.

Janet Leigh plays pretty June, the daughter of Young Jolyon, black-sheep of the Forsyte family (Walter Pidgeon), and she introduces Irene to her fiance, a struggling architect, Philip Bosinney (Robert Young). Later, when Irene finds that Philip is falling in love with her, she tries to discourage the affair, but it leads to a break with both Soames and June, and eventually to Philip's tragic death.

In the role of Irene, Garson's special charm and talent are undimmed, but the surprise performance of the film comes from Errol Flynn, usually a roguish hero, in a sustained characterisation of difficult Soames Forsyte.

Robert Young makes a debonair architect, but I feel that Walter Pidgeon is miscast as the renegade artist, whom Irene later marries.

All in all, this film is an entertaining drama, even if it is not "The Forsyte Saga" as readers of Galworthy know it.

In Sydney—the Liberty.

★ You're My Everything

A DETERMINED spirit of gaiety runs through this technicolor Fox production about show business in the 'twenties and early 'thirties.

The film is mildly amusing, good-humored, and stereotyped.

The central characters are a brash vaudevillian, pleasant Dan Dailey, who marries a blue-blooded Bostonian, nice Ann Baxter. Shortly afterwards she becomes a silent screen hotcha sensation, while hubby gets in some nice footwork on a nightclub tour.

All this changes with the advent of talkies, the decline of musicals, and the arrival of daughter Jane (Shari Robinson); so the family retires to a Hollywood version of a Valley ranch until the child inevitably crashes the films.

Dailey's dancing is excellent, and there are numerous songs from way back, including "Varsity Drag."

As the moppet, little Shari Robinson is talented but stylised, and her song-and-dance sequences are far too long.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

ROBERT MITCHUM greets Elizabeth Taylor on the R.K.O. lot when she visits her best friend, Janet Leigh. Janet is currently making "Jet Pilot," while Mitchum is busy in "Carriage Entrance."

★ South Of St. Louis

WARNERS' sprawling Western, "South of St. Louis," has a competent cast and the elements of a first-class adventure story, but it is only fair entertainment.

Western fans will find interest in the unusual tale about gun-running in the Civil War period, and the trio of Texas ranchers who, when cleaned out of their holdings by the notorious Luke Cottrell gang, head south to rebuild their fortunes.

Two of them—Joel McCrea and Zachary Scott—take to gun-running and the third, Douglas Kennedy, joins the Confederate Army.

Several additional characters enter the story at this point, including a lady known as Rouge, also a gun-runner, played by Alexis Smith, wearing a titian topknot and a succession of spectacular gowns.

In time, all three men are alienated by crafty Cottrell (Victor Jory) and a treacherous henchman (Bob Steele), but manage to get together again to fight out the finale.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★ The Blue Lagoon

THERE is a certain naive charm about "The Blue Lagoon" that holds the imagination for a while in the Gilliat-Launder picturisation of H. de Vere Stacpoole's old-fashioned tale of two children who are shipwrecked on an uncharted South Sea island.

Location work was done in Fiji, giving the film local interest. Photographed in technicolor, the lush scenery is quite lovely, and the leisurely atmosphere of the tropics is realistic.

The plot, if it may be called one, is light and fragile, and makes little demand upon the cast.

The Robinson Crusoe existence is shared in the early days by Susan Stranks and Peter Jones, and an irascible old sailor, Noel Purcell.

Years pass, the sailor is killed, and the youngsters grow to maturity alone on the island, until their paradise is invaded by a pair of unscrupulous, self-styled traders.

Jean Simmons and Donald Houston prove to be a natural romantic team.

As Emmeline, Jean is lovely wearing mahogany make-up and a series of sarongs, and Houston is suitably athletic in the role of adult Michael, though he is stilted at times.

In Sydney—the Regent.

★ In the Good Old Summertime

THIS creaking, sentimental musical from M.G.M. is based on the comedy, "The Shop Around the Corner," which originally featured James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan.

Now starring are Judy Garland and Van Johnson. The former puts on a pleasant enough show within the limits set by almost no story, a number of venerable tunes, and a running gag that hinges on the fact that, whilst the team are antagonistic co-workers in a Chicago musical instrument shop, each is the other's unknown pen romance.

Van Johnson is not at home in his orthodox part.

Among nostalgic numbers are the title song, as well as "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," "I Don't Care," and others sung by Judy Garland with nice rhythm.

S. Z. Sakall and Spring Byington are an elderly romantic team, and poker-faced Buster Keaton, the silent film comedian, does an amusing small piece.

In Sydney—the St. James.

"Why are your teeth so much **Whiter** today?"

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"Because I changed to *New* **PEPSODENT** with Irium"

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM — WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH

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Rout dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

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FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. His latest exploit has been to capture a gang of child delinquents and save CHIP WILLIS from a life of crime by giving him a start and enrolling him at a military academy. Larry is pleased about this, but is thinking of the problem of child delinquents as he enjoys a stroll in the city one evening.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Continue to use discretion in your dealings with others from April 5 to 7. Conditions after this are more helpful and promise new zest and enthusiasm. Choose the week-end for happy social and personal relationships.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Life takes on a brighter aspect from April 8 and is likely to offer some unexpected opportunities in your social and business life. However, don't be disappointed if you have to wait a while for full returns.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): You have a happy and pleasant few days from April 8 to 11 to inspire co-operation among your associates and draw the bonds of friendship tighter. New contacts will help to stimulate your mind.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A good week to attempt something more ambitious than you have yet tackled, with your best dates from April 8 to 10. This period should lead you a few steps nearer your desired goal.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A week that could start adversely but end favorably. Use caution and don't decide matters of importance on April 5 and 6. A chance to travel or take up some new interest could benefit you from the week-end.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Bright ideas could help you to improve your finance, add to your possessions, or strike a lucky bargain this week, if you choose April 7 to 10. However, be cautious on April 5 and 6.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): For progress this week join your interests with another, look to your partner, avoid isolated action. You have luck with you from April 8 to 11, but don't let feeling sway you too much before the week-end.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Expect helpful and profitable days from April 7, with a business promise or promotion near at hand. Don't overestimate opportunities or overlook any important facts on Thursday.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Accept and enjoy a new cycle of pleasures, which will open up for you from April 7. Romance could blossom or a new enterprise succeed. The week-end should be very bright.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Expect a break in usual routine affairs. Change is in the air, with your most interesting dates from April 8 to 11. Ignore any pinpricks you may have to contend with before the week-end.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A happy mind helps you to plan and attract success this week. Get busy with new ideas, act on hunches, and don't be surprised at some unexpected news or moves from Saturday.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A rather prosperous week if you keep a watchful eye on your monetary affairs on April 5 and 6. Saturday to Monday should be your luckiest period, especially where your activity includes another.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture is satin-smooth and truly indelible. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.

Lournay

LIPSTICK & ROUGE

Lipstick, 6/-; Refills, 3/9; Compact & Creme Rouge, 3/9.

GUILD CHEMIST — Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

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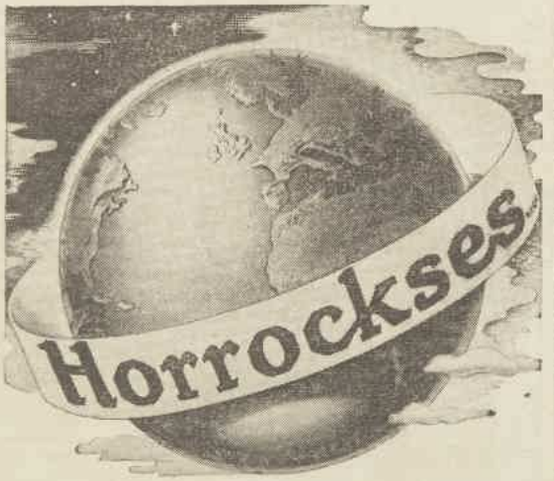

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For over 150 years the name of Horrockses has stood for quality. All over the world their fabrics have brought prestige to that illustrious name . . . which is much . . . and goodwill to their country of origin . . . which is more.

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Makers of "TYMELIN" the all purpose Fabric suitable for schools and uniforms.

On the way to stardom

JOYCE MACKENZIE was signed by a talent scout for films from the Pasadena Playhouse.

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Each year in Hollywood professional and amateur connoisseurs of talent and beauty debate the qualities of the younger actresses and nominate the stars of to-morrow.

This year five names have emerged as likely candidates for stellar honors.

HIGHEST paid and most experienced of the bunch is Ruth Roman, who since her appearance in the exciting fight picture, "Champion," has been very much in Hollywood's eye.

The brunette Boston girl made a brief appearance in a bathing suit in a night swimming scene for the picture, which may or may not have had something to do with Warners' signing her to a contract shortly afterwards. Roman, whose parents owned a carnival sideshow, has figured prominently in at least six pictures made or released during 1949.

She has played everything from a murder accomplice to a dancing comedienne, and done it well.

Ruth Roman is single—indeed, so are all the girl stars with one exception.

The lone married girl among the stars-to-be is a glamorous red-head named Jean Hagen. She is the tall, slender daughter of a Chicago engineer who in her childhood mixed dramatics and athletics, not without protests from her parents.

After graduating from North-western University, she went to New York and became a radio actress. This proved the open sesame to Broadway. One play followed another, and then one evening an M.G.M. movie team visited Hagen backstage in the theatre where she was playing in "Traitor."

They gave her a role in a picture they were making on location in New York.

Debra Paget is another of the "Stars of To-morrow," one of a family of six, in which each member is connected with Hollywood. Her father, Frank Griffin, has been a studio employee since the family moved to California, from Denver, Colorado, nine years ago.

Margaret Gibson, the mother of the seventeen-year-old beauty, herself recently won a screen role at Columbia, and two sisters, Teala and Lezlie, and a brother, Ruell, are promising young players, too.

Tiny Debra, who weighs only 104 pounds, won a beauty contest soon after she came to Hollywood. At the time, she was only fourteen years old, and movie talent scouts bypassed her as being too young.

RUTH ROMAN (above) has worked hard to gain her present recognition, and intends to continue devoting her time to her career.

DEBRA PAGET (left) is one of a family of six, in which each member is connected with films.

Two years later, when she played the title role in "Jeanne D'Arc" at a local Little Theatre, the same talent scout saw and recognised her, got her signature on the dotted line.

Six months after that Debra was starring in "Cry of the City" at Fox Studios.

Of Hollywood's new crop of beauties, Joyce Mackenzie is the most unusual. Her background is much the same as those of her companion starlets. She is pretty, she studied drama, acting, and dancing at Hollywood and Pasadena School, after leaving her home in Redwood City, in Northern California.

A talent scout signed her for his studio when she was working as a ticket-seller at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Joyce was given an important role in Fox's Academy Award contender for 1949, the aviation saga, "Twelve O'Clock High," with Gregory Peck. And after that she appeared in four big pictures with themes varying from comedy to outdoor thrillers.

Tiny Bridget Carr was working as a dancing showgirl at New York's Copacabana night-club when a telephone call advised her to go to Hollywood and appear on the radio show, "This Is Your Life."

The owner of the voice turned out to be M.G.M. producer Joseph Pasternak, who had seen her in New York and wanted her for films.

To-day Bridget lives in a Beverly Hills apartment with her sister, Ramona, and is studying drama for the studio.

JEAN HAGEN came to Hollywood via radio and Broadway. The background gives her poise and assurance in film work.

BRIDGET CARR (far right), former night-club dancer, now a promising drama student, continues taking instruction in singing and dancing as second career string.

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June Haver

Susan Shaw

Cyd Charisse

JUNE HAVER (Fox), top left, queen of the technicolor musicals, is currently filming "I'll Get By" for the studio. It is a modern screenplay written round music publishing, and co-stars William Lundigan.

CYD CHARISSE (M.G.M.), at left, has an important straight part as model in "East Side, West Side," the film version of Marcia Davenport's novel, which stars Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, and Van Heflin.

SUSAN SHAW (Rank), above, regarded as a valuable screen asset by her studio, and an honors graduate of the organisation's charm school, will be seen next in "Waterfront," in which Robert Newton is co-star.

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261: Suspender Belt as worn by the Australian Women's Weekly Paris mannequins when appearing in the Myer Emporium 1949 Fashion Parades . . . All satin, with dainty lace edging. 4 suspenders. White (also in nude). Sizes 22-30".

120: All-satin uplift brassiere; semi-circular stitched reinforcing under bust cups. Adjustable shoulders. White (also nude). Sizes 30-36".

VENUS
maiden shape

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EASY TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS

31 fashionable colours

Packed in glass tubes for clean, easy handling

Fairy 50% EXTRA STRENGTH Dyes

9d. A TUBE AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND NEWSAGENTS

1 CAUGHT searching rooms of dope-baron Pete Ritchie (Raymond Burr), Madeleine Haley (Claire Trevor) of Narcotics Squad meets Johnny Macklin (Fred MacMurray).

2 REVIVAL in old warehouse after she fainted means facing up to Harvey Gumbin (Ray Roberts) and Johnny, who have found heroin cache and are both convinced that Madeleine is part of Ritchie's set-up.

3 BORDER-HOP into California as husband and wife, carrying hijacked dope in music-box and parrot cage, is agreed to by Madeleine, because she believes that by doing so Johnny will lead her to centre of narcotics racket.

4 EN ROUTE, each is wary of the other, searching possessions at advantageous moments, photographing fingerprints. Johnny is himself a narcotics agent.

5 PURSUING Ritchie eventually overtakes escaping pair, and blocks road with a hay waggon. Madeleine manages to fire hay with lighter and they skip off again during ensuing melee.

BORDERLINE

MUCH of Universal's romantic mystery-comedy is photographed in Mexico and captures the fascination of that country.

Unknown to each other, stars Trevor and MacMurray are both engaged in tracking down a dope ring south of the border—the former as a policewoman and the latter as a narcotics agent, getting the assignment after the Los Angeles police realise that the small-fry prisoners they take cannot lead them to the top of the smuggling ring quartered in Mexico.

6 COMRADESHIP and adventure together lead to love. Johnny is tempted to leave Madeleine before she's arrested, not realising she is law woman.

7 MOBSTERS close in again. With Madeleine's help Johnny disposes of attackers and they finally cross Tijuana border. Here they are unmasked, to their mutual amazement as agents.

8 BATTLE between Johnny and mysterious head of dope syndicate, who is revealed as Harvey Gumbin, ends with gang being apprehended before Johnny and Madeleine marry.

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—the most exciting RECIPE COMPETITION ever held!

£2000 IN PRIZES

£500 EVERY 6 WEEKS

ENTRY FREE

4 SEPARATE COMPETITIONS

Users of "White Cloud", the new, improved vegetable shortening, have 4 separate chances to win big prizes in this outstanding competition. You can enter any or all sections. Use your own recipes or invent new ones if you wish. Prizes will be awarded for general excellence, but "White Cloud" must be an ingredient.

BISCUITS & CONFECTIONS

COMPETITION No. 1

In this competition, biscuits, small "cookies" and confectionery are all suitable for submission. Send in as many entries as you like, but post each separately.

1st Prize - - - £250
2nd " - - - £100
3rd " - - - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 5th MAY

CAKES & PASTRIES

COMPETITION No. 2

All types of cakes are suitable, whether plain or iced. Tarts, pies and other pastries are acceptable entries in this competition also.

1st Prize - - - £250
2nd " - - - £100
3rd " - - - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 16th JUNE

DESSERTS & SAVOURY DISHES

COMPETITION No. 3

Puddings give scope for entries in this competition. So do such savoury dishes as meat-balls, fish-cakes and other fried foods. Remember to write on one side of paper only.

1st Prize - - - £250
2nd " - - - £100
3rd " - - - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 28th JULY

COMPLETE "WHITE CLOUD" DINNER

COMPETITION No. 4

Here's a chance for the woman with imagination. Suggest a complete dinner using "White Cloud" in every dish. Example: Savoury hors d'oeuvres, salmon cakes, creamed potatoes, lemon meringue pie.

1st Prize - - - £250
2nd " - - - £100
3rd " - - - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 8th SEPTEMBER

JUDGES

The panel of Judges consists of Miss M. Farr, B.A., Staff Inspector to the Department of Education, New South Wales; Mrs. E. W. Savage, Supervisor, Home Management Section, Sydney County Council; and Mrs. J. Bowring, Home Service Supervisor of the Australian Gas Light Co.

CONDITIONS

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the following rules will be eligible.
2. Competitors may enter by letter in each and every competition.
3. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate, on each page, competition number in which recipe is to be entered. Use one side only.
4. All submitted recipes must include the use of "White Cloud" pure vegetable shortening.
5. Measurements to be given by accurate weight or level measurements (level cup, level spoon).
6. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete and concise.
7. If recipes are taken from books, magazines or newspapers, name of publication must be given.
8. Employees of Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.
9. The decision of the Judges will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes. No personal interviews.
10. All recipes submitted become the property of Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to print or publish any of them.
11. Address your entries to WHITE CLOUD, Box 64, P.O., Mascot, Sydney, N.S.W.

ENTER NOW!

Post your entries to
White Cloud, Box 64, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W.

White Cloud

PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

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NEW

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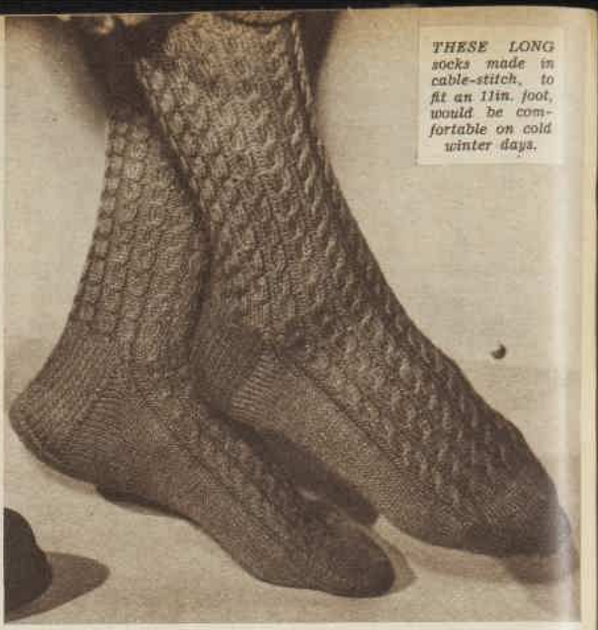
(One for each member of the family)

Your children will run to clean their teeth when you give them the new Gibbs dentifrice. New Gibbs has a delicious fresh tasting, sweet aniseed flavour—the lolly-pop flavour that children love. Gibbs is popular with mothers, too! They know regular brushing with Gibbs is good for everyone's teeth. And *it's so economical.* One cake easily outlasts two tubes of ordinary tooth-paste.

G.S.I. WW143g



THESE LONG socks made in cable-stitch, to fit an 11in. foot, would be comfortable on cold winter days.

LONG SOCKS . . .
for winter warmth

DISCRIMINATING men will admire these smartly cable-stitched socks. Measuring fifteen inches from top to heel, they will give extra warmth and comfort during the winter months.

Materials: 4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1393 (Marl); 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top to heel, 15in.; Length of foot, 11in.

Tension: 8 sts., 1in.; 10 rows, 1in.

Using 4 No. 12 needles, cast on loosely 84 sts. (28 sts. on each of 3 needles). Work in rounds as follows:

Next Row: * P 2, k 4, rep. from * to end of round.

Rep. this round for 4½in.

1st Round: * P 2, sl. 2 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k 2, k the 2 sts. from spare needle, rep. from * to end of round.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 4, rep. from * to end of round.

Rep. 2nd round 4 times. Rep. these 6 rounds until work measures 12in.

Next Row: K 18 sts. from 1st needle, sl. rem. 10 sts. on to 2nd needle, turn, p 18, then p 22 sts. from 2nd and 3rd needles. These 40 sts. are for heel flap. Divide the rem. 44 sts. on to 2 needles and leave for instep. Work the heel flap on the 40 sts. as follows:

1st Row: * Sl. 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P.

Rep. these 2 rows for 3in.

TO TURN HEEL

K 24, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn, * sl. 1, p 9, p 2 tog., turn, sl. 1, k 9, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn, rep. from * until all sts have been worked. K back half the heel sts. Slip the sts. for instep on to 1 needle. Using a spare needle, k the rem. half of the heel sts., then pick up and k 18 sts. down side of heel flap on to same needle. Using 2nd needle work the 44 instep sts. in patt. Using 3rd needle, pick up and k 18 sts. along other side of flap, then k half the heel sts.

Next Round: 1st needle: K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. 2nd needle: Work in patt. 3rd needle: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end.

Next Round: 1st needle: K. 2nd needle: Work in patt. 3rd needle: K.

Rep. the last 2 rounds until dec. to 84 sts. Cont. without shaping until foot measures 9in. (including heel) or 2in. less than required length. Sl. 1 st. from beg. of 2nd needle on to end of 1st needle and last st. from end of 2nd needle on to beg. of 3rd needle, shape toe as follows:

1st Round: 1st needle: K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. 2nd needle: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. 3rd needle: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end.

2nd Round: K.

Rep. these two rounds until dec. to 28 sts. Sl. the sts. from 3rd needle on to end of 1st needle, and graft sts. tog. as follows:

GRAFTING

Divide the sts. equally on two needles, with the wool at one end and with right side of work facing. Break off wool, leaving a length several inches, and thread into a wool needle. * Inserting the wool needle, as if for knitting, into the first st. of the front needle, draw it through the st. and sl. the latter off the needle; inserting the needle, as if for purling, into the second st. of the front needle, draw the wool through and let the st. remain on the needle; taking the wool under the front needle, and inserting the wool needle, as if for purling, into the first st. of the back needle, draw the wool through this st. and sl. the latter off the needle; inserting the needle, as if for knitting, into the second st. of the back needle, draw the wool through and let the st. remain on the needle; bring the wool forward under the needle and rep. from * until all the sts. are worked off, darning in the end of the wool securely when finished.

NAUTICAL STRIPES for the outdoor girl . . . a smartly designed French sweater, shown right, is one of scores of smart creations featured in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book now on sale at all newsagents and booksellers for 1/6.

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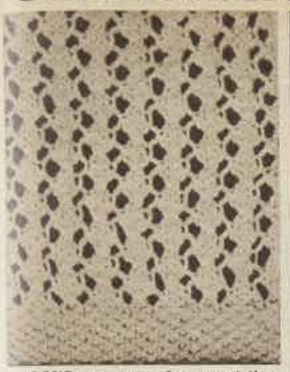
CHARMING SWEATER . . .



ABOVE you see a close-up of the pattern of the demure cotton sweater, directions for which appear below.

YOU WILL BLESS this trim cotton knitted a thousand times, and wear it with a skirt, shorts, or under a suit. Note how it is buttoned from above the basque.

WHITE cotton sweaters are indispensable; they have such a variety of uses. This one is particularly attractive, and its tight-fitting sleeves and neat pattern make it a winner for autumn.

Materials: 8oz. Ace, 4oz. cotton; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit a 34in. bust.

Abbreviations: C.fwd., cotton forward; c.o.n., cotton over needle; c.r.n., cotton round needle.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row for 4 inches, dec. once at end of needle in last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and commence pattern.

1st Row: K 4, (c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 3) 7 times, (p 1, k 1) twice, turn, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, purl to last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, (c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 3) 7 times, c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.r.n., (p 1, k 1) twice.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 4 rows 4 times (20 rows). Cont. in patt., inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 6th row until there are 57 sts. on needle. Work 25 rows in pattern without shaping.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at beg. of needle in every second row 6 times.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, purl to last stitch, k 1. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: *K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last stitch, inc. once in this st.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last two sts., k 1, inc. once in next st.

Cont. in moss-stitch, inc. once at end of needle in every fourth row until there are 58 sts. on needle. Work 1 row. Shape shoulders as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 10 sts., work in moss-st. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Cast off 10 sts., work to last st., inc. once.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 1st row. Cast off remaining sts.

Join in cotton where stitches were left and cast on 5 sts. Proceed as follows:

1st Row (K 1, p 1) twice, * k 3, c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last 4 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice.

3rd Row (K 1, p 1) twice, c.o.n., * k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 3, c.fwd., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. to correspond with other front, making all shapings at opposite end of needle and working a buttonhole in 10th row from rib, then every following 12th row until 8 buttonholes have been worked. Make a buttonhole as follows:

K 1, purl to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., c.o.n., p 1, k 1.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st row for 4 inches, dec. once at end of needle in last row. Change to No. 10 needles and commence pattern.

1st Row: K 4, * c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 3, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., c.fwd., k 3 tog., c.fwd., k 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 4 rows for 20 rows. Cont. in patt., inc. once at both ends of needle in next and every following 6th row until there are 109 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures same as front to underarm.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of needle in next and every 2nd row until there are 85 sts. on needle.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. this row until yoke measures same as front yoke. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 77 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st row 7 times. Change to No 10 needles and work the pattern as given in back for 12 rows. Cont. in patt., inc. once at both ends of needle in next and following 6th row until there are 85 sts. on needle. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next two rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of needle in next and every 2nd row until 65 sts. remain, then in every row until 23 sts. remain.

Cast off. Work second sleeve in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth (omitting ribbing). Sew up sides and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Stitch from facing in position. Sew on buttons.

KNITTING directions for this enchanting set of frock and jacket for a one-to-two-year-old appear in The Australian Women's Weekly 1950 Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents and booksellers for just 1/6. The effective little borders in a contrasting tone add to its appeal.

For every home

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Exercises bring the figure back to normal

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

LEFT, Esther Williams takes measurements with tape, finds they are back to normal

One

Two

Three

Four

● Four weeks after the birth of her son, Benjamin Stanton Gage, Esther Williams says her studio received a telephone call from a magazine editor who wished to send over a reporter to write a story on how motherhood had not changed her lissom figure.

THE famous young woman, who is credited with being one of Hollywood's most candid actresses, lived up to her reputation by answering, "It just isn't true. Heck, I'm really having a struggle trying to get my figure back."

Esther says, "About two months after the birth of baby Benjamin I was back at work, and my measurements were bust 38in., waist 27in., hips 34in., and weight 123lbs."

This was only slightly above normal for the svelte swim-star, and to-day she is back to her old measurements of bust 36in., waist 26in., and hips 33in., and is wearing with all her old-time dash the same size bathing suits.

"But," says Esther, "it took a whole lot of perseverance and willpower to get back into trim."

With loads of letters arriving from women in all parts of the world who want to know how and what she did to streamline her curves, here is what the star herself has to say on the subject:

"I did what other mothers are told to do. I was put on a high protein diet by my doctor before Ben jnr. arrived, and I am still on it.

"My doctor allowed me to swim until a month before Ben was born, and I resumed my daily two dozen laps in the swimming pool when he was twenty-one days old.

"But then, I have been swimming professionally for so many years, and my doctor could trust me to know my own limits. He warned me against over-straining myself, and left the rest to me.

"I don't believe that swimming was of much significance. What mattered was the diet and the important regulation exercises prescribed for new mothers, most of them aimed at firming the body and tightening slackened muscles.

"After a while I knew them so well I could do them in my sleep.

"I exercised faithfully every day, stuck to my diet, and three weeks later was branching out into variations of the original movements off my own bat."

Here is a description of the exercises shown on this page:

One: Lie flat on back, arms down at sides. Slowly raise left leg without bending the knee, and lower it. Repeat with right leg. Later, raise both legs at once. Lift the heels just a few inches at first, then higher. Lower slowly.

Two: Flat on the back again, arms on floor, keeping the feet together, pull them up and over as far as possible without strain until body weight rests on shoulders. Lower slowly.

Three: The "Camel Walk." From a standing position bend over and rest palms flat on floor; keeping your knees and elbows straight, walk about on all fours. Later vary by flinging alternate arms up and back as shown.

Four: From a sitting position spread the feet, and without bending knees touch right foot with left hand and vice versa, swinging the opposite arm back at shoulder level.

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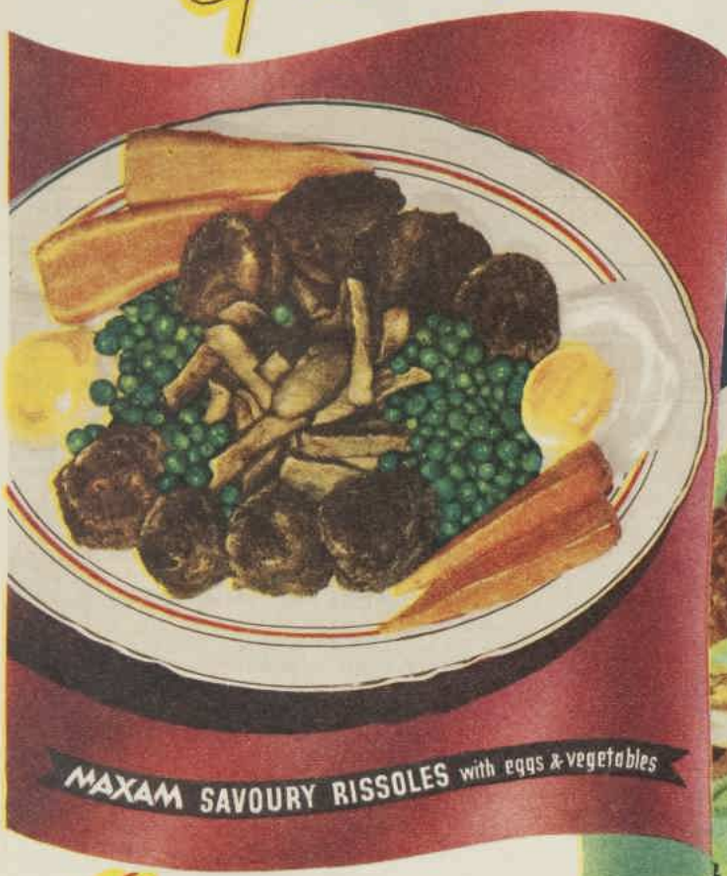

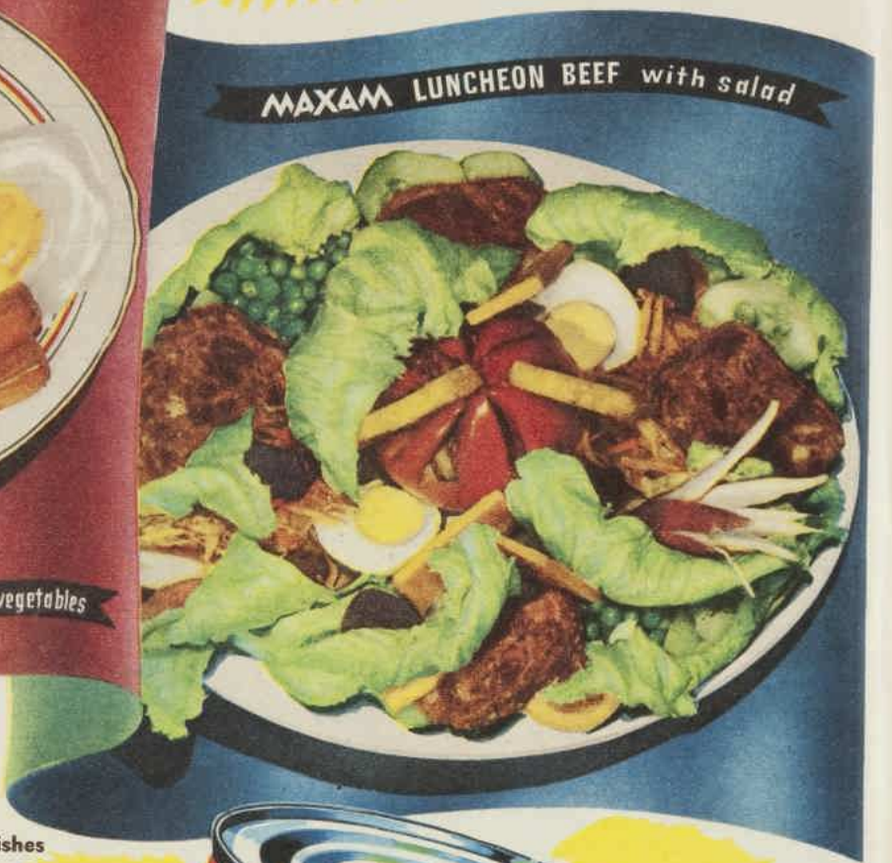

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EASTER DINNER MENU
(as illustrated)

Spiced Pineapple Cocktail
Loin Pork with Stuffed Apples and Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes, Peas, Carrot Straws
Chocolate Marshmallow Fancy with Ice Cream
Savories Coffee

● Make your Easter dinner a gala occasion! Use attractive china and accessories, take extra care when serving the food, and you'll be thrilled with the glamorous look of your table.

Easter

By OUR FOOD and COOKERY EXPERTS

THE traditional fare for the Easter season is simple meatless weekday dinners, a fish dinner for Good Friday, and more elaborate dinner for Easter Sunday.

A tempting and appetising dinner such as the one we suggest will enhance your reputation as a hostess and will be enjoyed by all.

Prepare an attractive after-dinner savory platter by combining crisp savory biscuits, celery logs with cream cheese filling (topped with paprika), radish roses, and colored cocktail onions. Arrange them as illustrated or create a pattern yourself.

SPICED PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

Three cups cubed pineapple, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint, 3 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, maraschino cherries and mint sprigs to decorate.

Combine all ingredients except cherries and mint sprigs. Mix well together and chill. Just before serving fill into cocktail glasses and decorate with maraschino cherries and mint sprigs.

TO ROAST LOIN OF PORK

Wipe joint (weighing 5 to 5½lb.) with damp cloth. Score rind, place joint in large baking-dish. Place one tablespoon fat on top of joint and add 1 cup melted fat to baking-dish. Place in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) and bake 3¼ to 3½ hours. Baste frequently with fat during cooking time. Add peeled and dried potatoes for the last ¾ hour of cooking time. Turn potatoes for even browning once or twice.

STUFFED APPLES AND TOMATOES

Apples: Six medium-sized apples, 1 cup dried apricots, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, little melted margarine or butter.

Tomatoes: Six medium-sized tomatoes, 3 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons finely diced onion, ½ cup finely diced cooked celery or ½ teaspoon celery salt, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red or green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk, little milk, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter.

Apples: Cover apricots with water, soak overnight. Wash apples, dry, remove cores. Do not pierce base of apple. Lightly dust inside with salt and pepper and brush skin with melted margarine or butter. Place in greased baking-dish and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes or until barely tender. Cook apricots gently in water (in which they were soaked) until tender, reserve 6 complete halves, roughly chop balance. Fill cooked apples with apricot pulp mixed with parsley, and top each with an apricot half. Return to oven for five minutes before serving. This allows apples to absorb the flavor of the apricots.

Tomatoes: Wash tomatoes, dry, cut slice from top of each. Scoop out tomato pulp to a depth of ½in. to ¾in. Combine breadcrumbs, onion, celery, red or green pepper, salt, cayenne, parsley. Moisten with beaten egg-yolk and a little milk. Pile into tomatoes, top each with small pieces of margarine or butter. Place on greased baking-dish, cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes until tomatoes are soft and stuffing lightly browned. Serve apples and tomatoes with pork.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW FANCY

Three-quarters pound chocolate-coated biscuits, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, ½ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 eggs, coloring, grated chocolate and angelica strips.

Lightly grease 8in. flan-tin or cake-tin. Line sides and base with chocolate biscuits. Combine lemon juice and orange juice, add sugar, fruit rinds, and egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens to custard consistency. Add gelatine softened in hot water. Cool until beginning to thicken. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, color if desired, continue beating (standing basin in bowl of iced water) until mixture holds its shape. Pour into prepared tin, top with extra chocolate biscuit, grated chocolate, and strips of angelica. Chill until set. Remove carefully from flan-tin or cake-tin. If made in cake-tin, turn out on to grease-proof paper, then reverse on to serving plate. Gently remove paper from top.

ICE CREAM

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ pint cream or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, coloring.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Warm milk, stir in condensed milk. Add gelatine and powdered milk, beat well. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until beginning to set. Return to basin, beat well, add cream or substitute (beaten until thick). Flavor with vanilla, beat again. Fill two trays with mixture, color balance of mixture pink, fill into third tray. Freeze until firm. Serve in scoops decorated with bunch of grapes.

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SAUSAGES & VEGETABLES

Tempting Pork Sausages in a blend of choice vegetables—so appetising.

BAKED BEANS

Golden Brown Beans slowly oven baked and deliciously flavoured with Rosella Tomato Sauce—so nourishing.

SPAGHETTI with CHEESE

Delicious long strands of Spaghetti perfectly flavoured with tasty cheese —so enjoyable.

SOUPS:— TOMATO
and Other Varieties

Double Quantity — double value, Rosella Soups—a delightful start to any meal.

Rosella

Meals in a Moment!

TO PREPARE an appetising corn chowder as pictured above, make three cups rich, thin white sauce, add two cups cooked or tinned corn, 1 cup diced parboiled green pepper, 1 cup cooked and sieved potato, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 cup diced cooked pork or ham. Reheat, season to taste, and serve with cheese pastries or bread croutons. Right: See recipe below for orange marmalade pudding.

For all occasions . . .

● A rich and appetising meat dish with the tantalising flavor of Chinese food wins this week's first prize of £5 in our popular contest.

FOR a special occasion use duck in place of rabbit in this unusual recipe. Fresh pineapple can be substituted for the tinned pineapple if cooked without sugar. Reserve the syrup for use in the dish.

Also among this week's consolation prizewinners is a Simnel cake which is traditional Easter fare.

Orange marmalade pudding is different and delicious and will be popular for dinner on a cool night.

All spoon measurements are level.

RABBIT AND PINEAPPLE CANTON

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 2 tablespoons soya sauce or Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon finely chopped garlic, ¼ cup cooking oil or melted fat, 1 cup syrup from tinned pineapple, 1½ cups diced pineapple, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons cornflour, extra ¼ cup water.

Wash rabbit, soak ½ hour in salted water. Cut into joints, dry. Coat joints with mixture of soya or Worcestershire sauce, sugar, salt, and ginger. Heat oil or fat with garlic in heavy frying-pan, add rabbit, brown evenly on both sides, remove. Place pineapple juice and the 1 cup of water in large saucepan or pressure-cooker, add balance of sauce mixture, oil, and garlic. Arrange meat in pan (if using cooker place meat on rack), cover, cook 1 hour or 20 minutes in pressure-cooker. Remove rabbit, keep hot, stir in cornflour blended with the ¼ cup water. Add pineapple, stir until mixture boils, simmer 5 minutes. Arrange rabbit on hot serving plate, poor sauce over. Serve with noodles, peas, and bacon rolls.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Foley, 129 Barton St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

ORANGE MARMALADE PUDDING

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 4oz. brown sugar, 4oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. chopped almonds and walnuts (mixed), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons marmalade, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, orange slices, 1 tablespoon sugar, extra tablespoon chopped nuts.

Sift 4oz. of the flour into basin, rub in margarine or butter, add sugar and nuts. Reserve ¼ cup of this mixture for topping. Sift remaining 4oz. flour with salt and nutmeg, add to mixture in basin, mix well. Fold in beaten egg and milk making a firm dough. Fill into greased slab-tin 7in. x 11in. Mix marmalade with the ¼ cup mixture and spread over pudding in tin. Cover with thin slices or orange and top with sugar and extra nuts. Cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot cut in squares with custard flavored with orange rind.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. G. Russack, 32 Farrant St., Prospect, S.A.

SIMNEL CAKE

Eight ounces margarine or butter, 8oz. sugar, 8oz. plain flour, 4 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1lb. mixed fruit, 1oz. mixed nuts, 1 teaspoon spice, grated rind of ½ lemon and ½ orange, 2 tablespoons milk.

Almond Paste: Three ounces castor sugar, 3oz. icing sugar, 6oz. almond meal, beaten egg to mix.

Cream margarine or butter with grated fruit rinds and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix fruit and nuts with sifted flours, fold into creamed mixture. Lastly fold in milk. Fill half of mixture in 8in. cake-tin, which has been lined with three thicknesses of paper. Combine castor sugar and icing sugar with almond meal. Add sufficient beaten egg to make a stiff paste. Roll to size and shape of tin, place on cake mixture. Add remaining half of cake mixture, and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 3¼ to 3½ hours. Allow to cool in tin. Ice if desired when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. R. Jackson, 76 Octavia St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

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This is the dearest little knitted-set you've ever met up with. So dear to your heart that you'll ache to own it. Worn separately each goes like a charm with 'most everything. Colours, style, fit and finish are simply perfect. At all the best stores.

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Want to be your family's favourite cook? Then feast them on this dream of a dessert —

Mello Tropical Islands

★ *An original Betty King recipe.*

1 packet Caramel Mello. 1 pint milk. Fresh or tinned pears. Jam or jelly.

Follow the directions on the packet. (You're on *easy street* with Mello, any way you serve it!) Drain the pears and fill with jam or jelly. Set like jewelled islands in a sea of cooled dessert. If you like, add foamy flecks of coconut.

★ MORE Betty King RECIPES IN EVERY PACKET

Thrifty, easy recipes like this come in every Mello packet — a completely different set with every flavour. All tested and endorsed by Betty King, Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.

Try Chocolate and Vanilla Mello, too. Desserts made with Mello are such extra fun to fix — and save you money every time you serve them!

3 HEAVENLY FLAVOURS

VANILLA

Delicate and smooth as country cream. Spoon it over berries, peaches, plums. Drift it high with shredded coconut, or gem with jelly beans.

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Crazy about chocolate! (As if we didn't know!) Then here's an encore flavour with a dozen winning ways . . . makes an entrance in a pie . . . takes a bow with sliced banana.

• CARAMEL

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SPRINGTIME PICTURE of one of Holland's 17th century farmhouses. Damaged during the war, it is now completely restored inside and out.

OLD FARMHOUSE IN HOLLAND

IN parts of the Dutch lowlands Time seems to have stood still, for beautiful old farmhouses still dream along the borders of the canals, as they did centuries ago.

Entering them is like moving back to the "Golden Century," when artists like Pieter de Hoogh painted their famous Dutch interiors, with colorful tiles and old-fashioned fireplaces.

In the neighborhood of Rotterdam, called "the haugh land of Krimpen," practically every farmhouse is a representative piece of 17th century workmanship.

A wealthy estate owner, William van Vliet, has made it his hobby to restore and run the houses and farms as they were maintained more than 300 years ago. In this way he has created a museum of Holland's "Golden Century" in the midst of the everyday life of the dairy farmer.

One house built in 1661 has been restored to its original form. It is

TYPICAL Dutch landscape . . . the view from the front door of the Benschops' farm (see story).

VIEW OF THE STABLES of the perfectly run farm near Bergambacht, Holland, which date—like the rest of the house—from 1661.

Pre-natal mineral requirements

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MINERAL salts are vitally necessary to maintain the physiological balance of the body and provide nutrition.

The internal glands of the body need a full supply of these mineral salts, used in the formation of their secretions, which have such a tremendous influence on general health.

The bloodstream needs calcium and iron, which are more than ever necessary during the pre-natal period to maintain the health of mother and child.

A leaflet describing the importance of mineral salts in nutrition can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

CLEANING THE MILK-TUBS before cheese-making is an essential daily task for Farmer Benschop and his wife. Buckets and churns, as well as tubs, are scrubbed till they shine.

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Modern life among antique pieces

cool in summer and warm in winter, like all Dutch farmhouses.

The entrance hall is paved with black and white flagstones in the style of the period. The entire interior resembles typical Dutch scenes in famous old paintings and prints. Inlaid tiles, a finely wrought fireplace, copper utensils and ornaments, and antique furniture are arranged in the house.

Above the massive stable door in the picture shown at the foot of this page is a tablet erected to commemorate the terrible days of the German occupation, 1940-45, and the inscription reads: "A good conscience breaks all chains."

This is one of the few farms left where cheese is still being made, instead of in the modern factories. The tenants, Farmer Benschop and his wife, are convinced that this cheese is better than the factory product.

"I am glad that we do not make as much as before the war," says Mrs. Benschop, "as in those days I had to look after 29 cows for cheese-milk alone . . .!"

MR. AND MRS. BENSCHOP enjoy a few moments of rest in their sitting-room. They take off their wooden shoes before entering, for these are not worn in the best rooms. Note the patterned tiles under the mantelpiece.

ENTRANCE hall of farmhouse is furnished entirely in 17th century style. Old tiles, now valuable, back the fireplace. Each one bears a picture.

MASSIVE stable door at the entrance to the 17th century Dutch farmhouse.

MARIGOLDS and CALENDULAS

ALTHOUGH marigolds of most kinds are grown the year round in the mildest parts of Australia, in the colder areas only the French types and the calendulas, or pot marigolds, will survive. Seeds of both can be sown now.

Most accommodating plants, they seem to thrive better in poor to medium soil than in very fertile areas. But where frosts are rare and the aspect is favorable—say, east to north-east—even the African marigolds can stll be sown, and should stand throughout the winter months and flower well.

Of the French types, there are several worth sowing, notably Harmony, which is of graceful habit of growth with blooms of scabious-like centres—reddish brown and golden orange in color. Royal Scot is another worth trying—the colors are mahogany and gold in symmetrical stripes. Tall, double varieties of French marigolds in a wide range of browns, golds, lemon, and orange are also obtainable. Most of these are fairly tall growers, reaching 2ft. or more in heavy soil of good quality. Dwarf types, which rarely exceed 1ft., are also obtainable. The seed is mostly sold in mixed colors.

Calendulas develop compact, shrubby plants, and their closely petalled blooms, resembling orange or lemon-yellow asters, are long-lasting and very decorative. If the seed of these marigolds is sown where they are to spend their lives, they will flower easily within three months.—**Our Home Gardener.**

CALENDULAS are most decorative, easy to grow.

Inside and out

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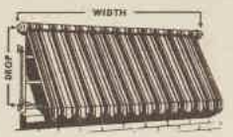

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